THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 15 — Philadelphia, October 7, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 421 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

PARIS and FRENCH JUSTICE

By THOMAS B. REED

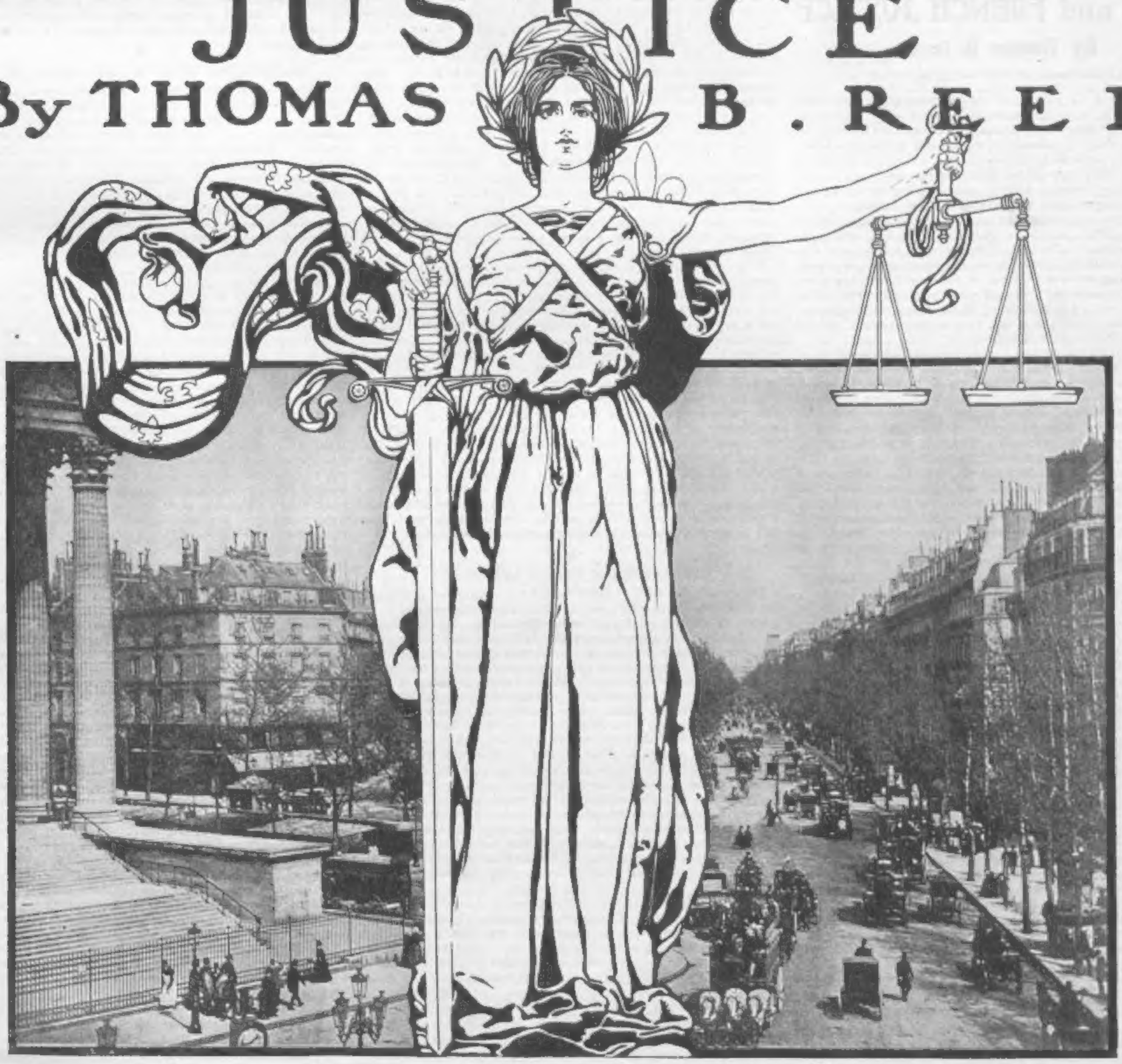


PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY C. PARKER, WASHINGTON

PARIS and FRENCH JUSTICE

By Thomas B. Reed

Copyright, 1899, by The Curtis Publishing Company

ONE cannot be sure that the doctors know anything about it, for, like everybody else who is merely human, they only pass from one inaccuracy to another; but there is certainly something attractive about the idea of two sets of brains—one which does the thinking and the other which translates thinking into every-day work and practice by forming habits and helping us do things without thinking because we have done them before.

When we have to think out ways of doing things, things come hard. When we have thought them out and gone through the motions a few times we have no worry, and can meditate on one thing while we are doing another. Perhaps there is nothing more wonderful in the world than the complicated balancing which we call walking; and yet we do it so easily that we are unconscious of the ways and means by which we do it. Habit, we say, is a second nature, for we imagine that Nature does not think.

Perhaps the difference between nations, which causes us to make the greatest mistakes in our estimate of all nations but our own, arises not from the difference in thinking or in principles, but from the difference in habits. Our habits go on automatically, and so do theirs. When we come in contact with their habits we have to do thinking, and that is a disturbance, and we insensibly regard their ways of doing things as bad, because habit has made our own so easy. We Americans find the English language comes to our tongues almost unbidden, and we state our views with but little notice of the words we employ. When we try another language we have to think out each word and measure it before we let it escape our lips. In America, everybody can find his way out of the Philadelphia, New York or Boston stations without the least trouble, for we have done similar things under similar conditions a hundred times. But let us struggle with the mix-up of the London, Chatham & Dover with the south coast, and try to go to Dulwich, and we find that the patience of a saint is all needed to pull us through. At home you have some faint glimmering of what a big time-table means, but are ill-prepared for the bewildering impossibility of a Continental Bradshaw. All these new things, simple to the experienced natives, require of us thought and worry, and we are sure the foreign ways are stupid compared with what is to us the simplicity of our modes and fashions. As we, however, all have the same ends to reach, and all reach them, perhaps an unprejudiced observer, if there could be one, would find out that all the methods were equally well adapted to the same results, or, at least, were much more nearly so than we now understand.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE PARISIAN OMNIBUS SYSTEM

With this anchor to the windward—a sort of anticipatory criticism of my own criticisms—I venture a few comments on Paris and its ways. Of course in a great city of more than three million inhabitants the first problem is the problem of transportation, the way of getting about. Two thousand streets scattered over two hundred thousand acres of ground, making a great circle six miles in diameter, streets slowly built up through centuries of growth, gradually spreading out from the old island which is still the centre, streets which, in early days, followed cow-paths as steadily as ever they did in Boston, bursting out in time into broad boulevards and mile-long avenues, are not so easily placed at everybody's disposal as the squares of Philadelphia and of Chicago, which are paralleled for miles by all the streets needed to make the full breadth of great cities destined to surpass Paris and rival London.

The great and striking difference between their system and ours is the ample provision we make for every traveler to go everywhere at a price which would be small even in a land where the standard is a franc, which is one-fifth of a dollar. There, few or no electric cars whirl through the streets, rivaling in speed and comfort the carriages of the rich. Hardly a horse car can be seen, and, even on the few avenues where they run, you may wait a solid half-hour before one will appear going your way. From the old Church of St. John of Bellville goes a little narrow-gage cable road—which they call the *fenicular*—to the square near by. Speaking generally, for there may be two or three exceptions to the broad statements I have made, the only method of transportation for the poor is the omnibus, which is operated on a system which it would be a liberal education to understand, and, to insure peace of mind, requires the constant possession of an accident policy.

PROGRESSIVE OLD NUREMBURG AHEAD OF PARIS

Even after you understand the connections there are many chances that you cannot continue your journey, for if there be a full carload before your ticket is called you can never get aboard. We are very indignant, and justly so, about our crowded cars, and the preternatural activity of the conductor who seems bound to see how many times he can weave in and out among the helpless and hapless beings who are hanging to the straps, but if you are in Paris in a hurry, and cannot even have the poor privilege of standing up, you have your doubts whether your wrath at home has always been the wrath of the righteous.

For the well-to-do, the Paris cab is a luxury very cheap and accommodating. For a franc and a half and a few sous you can go two miles, or less, which places the larger part of Paris at your command. But small as the price seems to be the end of the day makes your purse visibly shrink. You are careless about what seems so little, and find the truth of the old Scotch proverb that "Many mickles make a muckle."

London is in very much the same condition as Paris. For twenty-five years the tram car, horse and electric, has been pressed almost in vain upon that conservative city. Of course one cannot be blind to the vested interests involved, nor fail to see the obstacles. Yet it did seem strange, after finding the trolley car sweeping merrily through the streets in and out of the fortifications of the thousand-year-old Nuremberg, which seems like antiquity itself, to go to London and find the omnibus still encumbering the streets with its uneasy flight and its dismal noise. If civilization means the increase of comforts for all, we could better advance civilization by alliance with Germany than with Great Britain.

In Paris there is a great effort making to supply the transportation so much desired by underground railroads, which are being built as rapidly as possible, to meet the demands not only of Paris as it is at all times, but also as it will be when the latest of all great industrial expositions shall begin its enlightenment of the world. This new system of roads, expensive as it must be, can hardly afford a satisfactory relief. The experience of London with its dismal tunnels and weary stair-climbing hardly inspires the hope that relief can be gained in that way. As it is, it seems more than passing strange that Paris, gay and joyous Paris, where people are all thought to live for happiness alone, should be surpassed in one of the greatest conveniences of modern life by old Nuremberg and the newest Western village, which has left off being a collection of corner lots and has become a real home of living men. But this state of things will not last long. The improvements already in operation and those which are but begun will be sure to demand others until the full measure of modern improvement has been reached.

THE VAGARIES OF FRENCH LAW COURTS

While the new trial of Dreyfus did not take place in Paris, the problem of its effect on the discordant elements of that great city was the subject of much discussion. It is difficult for a foreigner to comprehend the full force and bearing of that case. In the first place, the French method of administering justice shocks every habit and preconceived notion of an Englishman or American. Every principle alike of evidence and decorum seems to be outraged by the procedure of the courts in such cases. Our courts martial seem sometimes to lawyers to be tribunals where the widest and perhaps the wildest departures are allowed. But compared with similar courts in France, and even courts under the charge of civil magistrates, our courts martial are models of propriety and of judicial strictness.

When M. Paul Déroulède was accused of treason to the Republic, which treason, if treason it was, consisted of a single act, François Coppée, the poet, who did not see the act nor pretend to see it, put on his best hat and went down and harangued the tribunal, declaring that Déroulède was a patriot who deserved well of his country. Others did the same thing. M. Déroulède was acquitted.

At the same time the Court of Cassation was passing upon the case of Dreyfus. The Court of Cassation is the highest in France. It derives its name from the fact that it can break all judgments of courts of law and legal tribunals of all kinds. After the case came before this highest of courts, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, the President, finding the case likely to be decided against his views, resigned his place and began to harangue the public. Think of the Chief Justice of the United States resigning his place and proceeding to harangue the public because he differed from his brethren in a case, no matter how important! Yet M. de Beaurepaire's reputation had been in no way unworthy of his lofty position. On the contrary, his standing was exceptionally high. His conduct seems to us inexplicable. So also did the trial of Zola, with all its strange and remarkable incidents.

THE ABSURDITIES OF THE DREYFUS COURT MARTIAL

As for the trial at Rennes, that seemed beyond all the possibilities of our habits. It ought to be said, however, that we were probably given a very distorted picture of what actually went on. All the testimony which came to us was condensed by hands which may have been skillful or may have been unskillful, with all the chances against us. Charles Reade once said that there were but two men in all London who could condense evidence and leave in the living and essential facts. The chances are that neither of these men nor his French equivalent was at Rennes. But whether we got at the true case or not, one thing seems fully certain, which is, that the way they have of getting at the truth is strange beyond even the experience of dreams.

All the things which a court of justice would keep out of the evidence as utterly irrelevant and misleading are laid before the court with the utmost profusion. Instead of one directing mind on either side managing the marshalling of witnesses and the display of evidence, everybody seems united to furnish alike facts and opinions, no matter how remote the facts may be nor from whom the opinions may come. What we call "hearsay" testimony, and which we reduce to such limits that any one might fairly say that we discard it altogether, seems the warp and woof of the whole case. Speaking very generally, of course, our system is that no testimony is worth having which cannot be put under the searchlight of rigid cross-examination. Justice demands not only the truth, but the whole truth. A half-truth may be the worst kind of a lie. When you are told that a man said certain words, and have no chance to ask him if he said them just that way, or what else he said, or why he said it, and when he said it, you have not even the highest human assurance of truth, and even the highest assurance of truth is very far short of absolute verity. The great bulk of the testimony submitted and received seems of this character.

REACHING THE TRUTH IN SPITE OF THE SYSTEM

It is of course proper to say that there are minds so strong and discriminating, so well trained and skillful, that such evidence would lead the way to just conclusion. Such tribunals, however, are rare, and are not often found in courts martial. However, all French procedure is in like manner entirely different from ours, and yet, nevertheless, has so maintained civil government, liberty and the rights of property—has so fulfilled, in a word, all the purposes of courts of justice, that probably our criticism is but another instance of the inability of one nation to put itself in another nation's place. Our habits are simple to us, and seem indispensable, but their habits are equally simple to them, and equally indispensable.

Imagine, however, an accused person arrested here in New York and shut up in the prison of detention, not allowed to see relatives or friends, denied the services of counsel, refused the liberty of speech with any creature except his keepers, and then examined and cross-examined again and again by the District Attorney until that functionary was entirely satisfied, and then discharged or put on trial as the interrogatory and other facts should determine. Of course the first pages of the evening papers after it was discovered all would be printed in red ink. Fancy the commotion that would arise. Yet in France every Frenchman is liable to just such treatment, perhaps after having had his house searched from top to bottom in his absence, and without his knowledge, by the agents of the police. That the system exists, has existed for long years, and has not only been submitted to but has been approved of, seems as strange to us as it is true. It would almost seem as if the two systems, the system of France and the system of England, could only exist on the assumption of two utterly different natures. Yet both accomplish the same results, and the results are those demanded by both natures, which are not different, but essentially the same.

NO LINE OF CLEAVAGE FOR A REVOLUTION

The question is often asked whether the Dreyfus case will lead to disaster and the overthrow of the Republic. Of course the gift of prophecy has not survived the destruction of Jerusalem, and before this article is printed it may be that the earthquake has come. Nevertheless, it is not at all probable that any conspicuous national disaster will happen. The truth is, that the affair is not on any line of cleavage which could split the nation into two discordant and belligerent parts. The differences of opinion on this question are purely individual, and have no force adequate to the separation of large masses. But the main reason for the opinion here expressed is the fact that the French Republic is to-day apparently stronger than it ever has been before. It has passed through not a few crises which have tested its temper and its stability.

The murder of one President, the sudden death of another, and the still more sudden resignation of a third have all found the Republic amply able to cope with the emergency. Scandals even of the most mortifying kind have not permanently shaken the nation. A parliamentary system almost as irresponsible as our own has not yet led to unbearable expenditures, although that is a possible origin of dangers to come, while the efforts making to change the system in some particulars show the foundation of sense so essential to good self-government. Both the Monarchists and the Imperialists, the Orleanists and the Bonapartists are more nearly powerless than ever before. Thirty years of self-government have done no small work in the direction of stability and

Editor's Note—This is the first of ten articles by Thomas B. Reed which will appear in early issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

permanency. While their self-government is not like ours, and their institutions are not ours, yet the permanent will of the people has opportunity to be recorded, and that is what free government demands. They have their troubles as we have ours. Temporary passions have sway with them just as they have with us, and in their voyage toward liberty they have to struggle back to the true course as often as we do, and with the same or more expenditure of coal and steersman's muscle and sailor's brain.

THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN BEST RULERS

To a man who believes that suitable government is that government which any nation can furnish to itself, and that the people of a country are, in the long run, their own most capable governors, the experiences of a Republic in the heart of Europe, surrounded by Monarchies and Principalities and Powers, itself tumultuous by nature and always yearning for strange gods, is the most interesting of all human problems. That the solution may be successful and permanent is the good wish of all of us who love the liberties we have, and for which we would die, and who remember that to France we owe the troops and the ships which gave us the victory that enabled us to offer the example to the world of a people governed without the divine right of kings and without the institution of aristocracy.

All America loves Paris. Not only do "good Americans go to Paris when they die," but vast multitudes of them, unable to wait for the coming apotheosis, or perhaps doubtful of their dying good, go over while yet living. They have worked sad havoc upon the poor Parisians, and especially upon the purse of the Parisian woman. Paris is a city of wonderful taste. If a thing can be made beautiful to the eye or attractive to the palate, there you will find it if nowhere else. There are the deft fingers, the light touch and the charming results which have made the gay city the resort of all the world.

Before American gold came pouring over the Atlantic all the wonderful things were at the service of the French purse, and fine dressing was a comfort, or at worst a luxury, but never a remorse. We have changed all that. We think no more of dollars than of francs, and our naive astonishment in years gone by over the cheapness of beautiful creations of the needle and the tool, and even of the casserole, has done its fatal work. When you go to the swell café or the swell modiste you give up what you have and take what they give you. Those whose memories are of the springtimes of long ago tell you that under the Empire all was happiness and delight, and that Paris was truly the cynosure of all eyes, while the city of to-day has none of the charms of that day which is otherwise happily dead. If one did not know how bright are all the vanished days of youth to one no longer young, he might listen to this "dream of Empire" and join those who magnify the past. But Paris, like all the rest of the civilized world, is growing greater day by day, fitter to live in and more beautiful to the eye.

SEEING PARIS FROM THE TOP OF AN OMNIBUS

Like all great cities, except New York as it used to be, it is very hard to comprehend. New York you could understand because it was confined by the two rivers within narrow limits, and you could look from Broadway to both. London and Paris spread all abroad. The French capital is the hardest for us to master, probably because we have no such familiarity with the history of the streets and monuments as was forced upon our earliest childhood by the story of the great metropolis of Great Britain. The omnibus, if you study its plan and system, and risk yourself on the top, is your best aid, but the great points of observation, the Montmartre, the Buttes-Chaumont, you must climb to on your feet with your own muscular system. But these places give you only the outlines. What gives you your distinct idea of Paris you must hunt for yourself. If you desire to see the boulevards and broad avenues, the omnibus and the carriage will do all for you that you wish. If you are fond of glimpses of how the dead and gone people lived in the dead and gone days you must gratify your longing on foot. No car nor omnibus leads to where the Rue Brisé-Miche, the Rue Taillé-Pain and the Rue Pierre au Lard—the Street of the Broken Bread, the Cut Bread Street, and the Street of Peter the Pig Butcher—bring back the tender memories of the primitive wants of the neighborhood.

After you have joined all these districts together, have united Ménilmontant, and Belleville, and La Villette, and Montmartre, and all like localities together on either hand, then let yourself be lifted to the summit of the Eiffel Tower, and the streets and tall houses, and even the monuments of ancient grandeur, will seem to be but models cut in wood. But as you gaze, all these houses and streets and monuments will expand under the touch of your memory until you see at one glance the great city which two thousand years ago beheld the legions of the first Cæsar and has since met with varying fortune the legions of all the world.

The Dreyfus Judge-Advocate

MAJOR CARRIÈRE might have been termed a Judge-Advocate in the Dreyfus case if the French military system were the same as our own. In personal appearance he belongs to the same type as Colonel Picquart, but lacks the commanding presence of that distinguished officer.

The Dreyfusards complained that he was too subservient to the General Staff. Most of the faults charged against him are really to be ascribed to the extraordinary features of the French law of evidence, which, according to the Honorable William M. Evarts, is no law at all. At any rate, under its provisions rumors and gossip, hearsay and the hearsay of hearsay are as valid as court records.

The First Mrs. KEENER

By Mary Tracy Earle

MRS. GRAYSON'S horse was named Aaron, and people with a vague Biblical knowledge had an idea that it was in some way appropriate, for they associated the name of Aaron with a rod, and Mrs. Grayson with the proverb in regard to sparing the rod. The connection was not very closely linked, but it always came into Willie de Ferriere's mind when he saw his mother-in-law belaboring Aaron into a stiff-jointed trot, while she sat bolt upright in the carriage flapping the lines with her driving hand. He knew then that something had happened, or somebody had made a remark in Pontomoc, and Mrs. Grayson was either hastening to the scene of action to take command, or leaving it to give an itemized account of the occurrence to all the people who had kept out of the way because they were not interested.

Willie de Ferriere escaped, if possible, whenever Aaron's blazed nose poked itself appealingly over the top of the De Ferriere gate, and Mrs. Grayson's voice disturbed the silence of the Point, calling for some one to come and let her in. There was always time to escape, for old Ann, the cook, saw to it that the gate was never opened with undignified haste. One day Aaron's nose appeared, and Mr. Willie disappeared, going down the sheltered path which led to the bayou landing. Ann was so very slow about the gate that Mrs. Grayson was still flushed from calling when she reached the house.

"I wish you would let *me* train your servants for you, Juanita," she said to her daughter. "I was tempted to get out and open the gate myself. If you knew what I'd come to tell you, you wouldn't have let me wait so long. Not that it will please you," she added. "I knew you would live to repent of throwing over George Keener to marry a poor man, and I told you so at the time."

Juanita lifted her eyebrows. "You told me a good many things at that time that haven't come true," she said.

"Well, this has come true," Mrs. Grayson declared. "Mr. Keener has come back from Mexico richer than before, and a widower. You see, he didn't break his heart for you, after all."

"Why, mamma, I didn't expect him to break his heart," Juanita said with a little appeal of gravity which was lost upon her mother. Mrs. Grayson was warm and tired; under those conditions she was always sure that Juanita's motives had been bad; but Juanita could not help trying to escape from the ground of censure and retort. "If I had thought he would break his heart"—she went on, tying Aaron in the shade of a live oak while her mother descended heavily from the buggy—"if I hadn't been sure that he would love some other girl just as well, it wouldn't have been so easy to tell him never to come back for me after he had postponed our wedding-day. But I knew he would soon care for some one else. I'm sorry that she died."

"But she has left him an immense fortune!" Mrs. Grayson exclaimed. "He was well off before, but now his wealth is fabulous, and I reckon he has come back looking for a second wife. I hope some girl right here in Pontomoc will snap him up, so that you can see what you have missed."

"But, mamma——" Juanita began, and then she sat down on the doorstep and laughed until old Ann's mahogany face came peering around the side of the house to see what had happened. "Don't you see, mamma," she said at last, "if I had married him when you wanted me to there wouldn't have been any rich wife to die and leave him a fortune—even if I had died it wouldn't have put a penny in his pocket?"

Mrs. Grayson looked blank for a minute, and then she saw her way. "You talk like a child!" she asserted. "He had plenty of money in the first place, and if his wife hadn't left more to him he would have made it. He's that kind of a man, while Willie de Ferriere——"

"Is another kind, and I thank God for it!" Juanita broke in. "Where shall we keep coolest—out here on the gallery or in the house?"

"In the house, where the reflection of the water won't blind us," Mrs. Grayson chose. "It's very evident he's looking for a second wife," she went on more placidly, as they sat down in Juanita's shady room and a caressing breeze from the bay touched her warm cheeks. "I hear he has called at the Hollingsworths' twice already, and since Dorothy is married, and Louise engaged, and Jessamine in short dresses yet, it must be that Dabney takes his fancy. She is very much such a girl as you were six years ago."

"But, mamma, his wife can't have been dead very long," Juanita protested, "and the Hollingsworths are old friends of his."

"Old friends sometimes make young wives," Mrs. Grayson returned sagely. "Wait and see."

It was not long before Mrs. Grayson was able to point out to Juanita that Mr. Keener was calling on Dabney Hollingsworth every day. "The wedding will be about October—you'll see," she declared.

Dabney was a slender, girlish thing, and everybody began to wonder what she found attractive about old George Keener, except the money in his pockets. People were slow in saying that she liked him on account of his money, for Dabney did not seem like that kind of girl, yet it was hard to find any other cause. It was not so much that Keener was old, though he and her father had played marbles together before the live oaks which shaded the Pontomoc streets were planted, and the live oaks had been growing for forty years. It was more that he had never been young. He was one of those men who have changed from large-faced, sober-minded infants into slow-motioned, sober-minded boys, whose mission in life is to make bad boys seem attractive and thus preserve to them their due portion of love; afterward, and still with sobriety, they grow slowly into men.

At fifty, George Keener looked just as he had looked at five months, even to the baldness above his large, round forehead. But he had learned to talk, and in his ponderous way he talked rather well. More adventures had come to him in the past six years than usually come to such quiet people, and in Pontomoc a man who has had adventures does not lack Desdemonas to listen to his accounts of them. In the evenings Dabney liked to sit on a low step of the gallery and watch the moon steering along the deep-blue channel of the sky between the white clouds, while he talked. She was the foolish, romantic one of the four girls, and her head held enough girlish notions of an old-fashioned kind to hide the pompous commonplace of a less interesting man than Keener. Perhaps, too, she was intuitive enough to feel that he was rather a good and gentle man, and certainly she was flattered by receiving the attention of the man whom all Pontomoc delighted to honor. Dabney's sisters and her brother-in-law shook their perplexed heads and let matters alone.

It was not long before the engagement was announced, and, as Mrs. Grayson had said, the wedding was set for October. Pontomoc society fluttered with excitement, arranged the program of a life of ease and beneficence for the two after their marriage, decided that they should live mainly in Pontomoc, and began to talk of "our esteemed fellow-citizen, George Keener," in the local paper. As for Mr. Keener, he was ponderously content, and in his complaisance he developed a new conversational tendency, and began referring frequently to his dead wife. The prospect of giving her a successor seemed to enable him to mention her calmly, and

he antedated matters by speaking of her as the first Mrs. Keener. People were startled when they heard the phrase for the first time, but at the Hollingsworths' they did not mind it so much the first time as they did the fortieth. Dabney was the only one who did not fume about it; the others marveled at her. If she was annoyed in any way, she showed no sign of it, but seemed to live in a gentle day-dream in which the first Mrs. Keener took part as naturally as any actor.

The long Pontomoc summer crept past, and people grew pale and nervous under its continued strain. There were no single overpowering days like those of the hottest weather in the North, but from April till October there was an unbroken monotony of heat. Every one noticed that Dabney Hollingsworth was looking very worn, and her sisters knew that she was irritable. One evening, when a storm was coming up, she and Keener sat down on the pier-head watching the restless fishes stir the phosphorescence in the water. Neither of them had spoken for a long time, and Keener felt that he ought to break the silence, so he began:

"The first Mrs. Keener used to say——"

Dabney lifted her head; her face was very white in the dusk. "I have a favor to ask of you," she said distinctly.

"A favor?" he repeated. "Why, you know if there is anything I can do for you——"

"There is," she said. "To be engaged is not the same as being married. I am willing to hear anything you wish to tell me about your wife, but until you have married a second time I wish you would stop referring to her as the *first* Mrs. Keener."

"Dabney!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I know I have kept so quiet about it that you thought I didn't care, and at first I didn't care very much, because—well, your love for her interested me. Now I'm tired of it. I'm not sure that I care to marry a man who has been married before. Even if you stop talking about it, you have ground it in until I can never forget that there was a first Mrs. Keener."

He got up and paced the pier-head. "This is a sudden turn," he said.

"No, it's not sudden," she declared. "Did you imagine that any girl would like to marry a man who kept talking about another woman all the time?"

"Why—I—I hadn't thought of it," he answered slowly. "When I mentioned the—er—the first Mrs. Keener before our engagement, you seemed interested in her."

"Yes; I was a little fool."

He paused in front of her, and she saw that his features had a strained look like those of a big, sober-minded child whose face is slowly forming itself for tears. "Dabney," he expostulated, "I don't understand what you mean, talking like this. If I have annoyed you, you have only to tell me so and I will stop. If you have been annoyed, why haven't you told me so before? You know I wouldn't consciously do anything to hurt you."

Somewhere in an obscure corner of her heart Dabney was sorry for him, but the mood which changes patience into bitterness urged her on. "There are some things which a man must know without telling if he is to make a woman happy," she declared. "I didn't realize, myself, how unbearable it was until you had overdone it past remedy After all you've said, I couldn't be happy with you or any man who had been married before. I should feel that you were comparing me to your first wife all the time."

He sat down across from her and rested his head in his hands. She heard him sigh once, and then everything was quiet except a single breath of land breeze whispering something in a pine-tree top. Dabney's nerves quivered, and she looked intently across at Keener. He was short and middle-aged and heavy. She felt as one does who has had a beautiful thought in the night and wakes to find it commonplace. It seemed as if she had never seen the man before, and she wondered how he could have interested her. It occurred to her that she must be far more fickle than other women, and that he would be justified in telling her that the first Mrs. Keener always formed an unbiased opinion at the commencement of an acquaintance and then never changed.

It was horrible of him to keep silent. There seemed to be nothing more that she could say, but she gave a nervous, bitter little laugh, recognizing that she was possessed by a desire to draw him out a little more about the first Mrs. Keener. He spoke to her without looking up. "Is that final, Dabney?" he asked, with the ghost of his usual ponderous tone. "Have you fully decided that you cannot marry any man who has been married before?"

She caught a sharp breath, thinking of all the stir that there would be in Pontomoc. "Yes," she said.

He rose, crossed the little space between them, and stopped in front of her. "Then I have something to tell you, Dabney," he began in a trembling voice. "I have never been married in my life."

She drew herself a little farther from him and looked at him a long time. He was not the man to trifle or lay a trap of words to catch her feelings in. He seemed excited and half-exultant. "Either you have lied before or you are lying now," she said harshly.

"Wait a minute; let me tell you about it"—his voice bungled with the words. "I—I did lie, if you call it so, but I didn't think it would do any harm. I—I—didn't dream, you know, of getting engaged to anybody when I first came back. I—I only wanted—I thought it would appear—well, less as if I had been hurt——" he stopped, with all he meant to say sticking in his throat. His fat hands were locked in front of him.

Dabney rose. "Do you mean," she asked, "that you made all this up because—because you wanted to show Juanita de Ferriere that you didn't mind her throwing you over that—that time?"

He straightened himself, swallowing all the justifications which he could not speak. "That's what I mean," he said.

"And those other things you told about your adventures—were those lies, too?"

He gasped a little. "They—er—they had a foundation——"

"They were lies," Dabney asserted, and he clutched his hands together more tightly; there was something hard and ungirlish in her voice. "They were lies, and you began telling them to me so that they would be repeated, and Juanita de Ferriere would hear."

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

"GOOD-DAY, DABNEY, MY DEAR," SHE SAID. "JUANITA, GEORGE AND I ARE GOING TO YOUR HOUSE. BUT YOU NEEDN'T HURRY BACK. WE CAN ENTERTAIN EACH OTHER"

The little breeze which had been in the pine tops had reached the water and was tracing ripples of silvery phosphorescence across the dim shadow of the bay. The ripples stole up with an almost soundless whisper and died upon the beach. Keener glanced over his shoulder, as if they had spoken to him, but he said nothing.

"And when you saw that I listened and believed, you found the telling pleasant in itself, and you began to think that you could show Juanita still more plainly that you didn't care by making love to me before her eyes. And I——" she buried her face in her hands. "Oh," she sobbed, "I thought I had made you forget Juanita and your wife and all in love for me. And then, when we were engaged and you began talking of your wife all the time, I—I told myself not to be jealous of the dead—and there wasn't any dead. There was nothing but a lie."

She stood sobbing in the dusk, and he felt bewildered and chagrined and awkward. "Dabney," he said at last, "I think you are making a good deal too much of this. I—I only told you because you didn't want to marry a widower. And, don't you see, nobody but us two need ever know."

He tried to put his hand on her shoulder, but she flung it off. "Do you think I am likely to tell?" she demanded. "Do you think I want the world to know how I've been fooled? and to hear Mrs. Grayson talk about it the rest of my life? No, you will pack up your things and leave Pontomoc, and people may think we have quarreled, or anything they please."

"But—good Heavens, Dabney, don't you see that I can't do that?" he cried. "I can't be jilted again the way Juanita jilted me, right here in her sight. I—Dabney!"

"Do you think I care?" the girl asked, and her voice told him how every nerve and muscle in her stiffened against his appeal. "Have you treated me well enough for me to care how you are humbled before Juanita? You deserve it, too. You've done all this to be revenged on her."

"You don't know how she hurt me," Keener pleaded; "and if that was all in the beginning, it is not all now. I have become more than reconciled. When I analyze my affections——"

"When you analyze your affections, you want to lie, and have me keep your secret," Dabney broke in. She caught her breath and waited an instant. Keener tried to laugh. There were tones in her voice which he had never expected to find there. She stood before him, no longer dreamy eyed and hanging on his words, but a slender, erect, accusing woman, before whom he felt bewildered and desperately unhappy and cowed. He crushed his straw hat in his hands.

"I said I did not want the world to know what a fool I had been," she went on; "but after all, it's you who fear the world, not I. I despise it, and to show you how I despise it I promise you this: If you ever speak to me of our engagement, or trouble me in any way again, I'll tell the world—I'll tell Mrs. Grayson—about the first Mrs. Keener, and I'll tell Juanita first of all."

Keener shrank back a step, letting the relics of his hat drop at his feet. "Er, Dabney," he began huskily, "you don't mean—you can't be so hard on me—I—nothing has changed in my feeling toward you——"

Dabney's slender, white-clad figure went glimmering along the pier. "Dabney!" he called, running after her; "at least let us walk up together. Your sisters might notice——"

The girl paused a moment. "Stay where you are," she said. "You may come up after I have gone in the house."

He sat down limply on one of the seats, and Dabney passed on along the pier, and under the rustling live oaks, and through the garden where the sun had burned out nearly all the flowers. Her face was set in hard lines, and her hands were clenched in mortification for the past.

Five minutes afterward Keener followed, tiptoeing through the yard, glancing furtively at the dark gallery where the family usually spent the evenings; there was nobody in sight and he blessed all his saints. He thought he would take the night train without bidding any one good-by, and leave Dabney to face the explanations as she pleased; but he was too late for the night train, and next morning the accents and image of her scorn had faded somewhat from his mind. When he thought it all over he found himself in a

boiling rage because a girl had presumed to lay down the law to him, and, without knowing exactly how he should do it, he decided to go back to her and batter down the conditions she had made. Having come to a decision, he waited until afternoon, not to seem too eager, and when he had finally started, fate placed Mrs. Grayson and her slow-going horse, Aaron, as a barrier in front of him where the road was too narrow for one carriage to pass another unless the first drove far to one side.

Mrs. Grayson turned and greeted him. "Curb your eagerness," she said, with that genial superiority which people employ toward lovers. "At his best, Aaron moves as if the snails were after him, but Dabney is not going to run away from you. I'm grateful to the narrowness of the road, myself."

She beamed upon him and seemed to have no thought of urging Aaron to any greater speed. Keener's face turned red.

"It is I who have cause to thank the road," he answered shortly.

The crumbs of compliment which had fallen within Mrs. Grayson's reach of late had been small. She identified this one, but, regretting its size, retorted with a mixture of acidity and archness: "Poor Mr. Keener; it's heartless of me not to whip up Aaron, but everybody takes the liberty of trying to educate an engaged man in patience. There's no telling how many times Dabney will delay you."

Keener fidgeted with the reins, and tried to remember where the road broadened so that he could pass. It was certainly just around the corner made by the Saunders' pecan grove. He tried to smile. "You know human nature, Mrs. Grayson," he said. "If more people took your advice they'd be happier afterward."

The color deepened in her face. She was intensely gratified. "It has to be admitted for you, Mr. Keener, that it isn't your fault that you didn't follow my advice at a time which we both remember," she declared.

The broadening of the road came into view. Keener gathered up his reins and his whip. "I feel that I have a friend in you," he said cordially, "and some day when I'm less in a hurry I want to ask your advice."

Mrs. Grayson gathered up her reins, reached forward for her whip, and jerked the bit in Aaron's mouth, without taking her eyes from Keener.

Keener lifted his hat. "Good-day," he said. He touched his horse with the whip-lash, and would have passed, but something excited Aaron. Mrs. Grayson turned and gave full attention to her horse. For an instant the two animals were neck and neck, then the road narrowed again, and Keener fell behind. He dropped his whip into its socket and mopped his brow. Mrs. Grayson was sawing at Aaron's mouth, although Aaron had subsided to a walk.

"I think he must have been raced when he was younger," she stated calmly. "He is slow enough, ordinarily, but sometimes when another horse tries to pass I can't control him."

Aaron looked over his shoulder in surprise, and Mrs. Grayson jerked his head straight again unamiably, as if she thought him about to speak.

Keener was still working with his handkerchief. The road was consistently narrow from that point to the Hollingsworth gate. He began to lose his confidence of making any impression on Dabney. As likely as not Mrs. Grayson would turn in at the Hollingsworths', too, and make a call. He could feel her looking from his face to Dabney's, and then going to tell Juanita. "Horses are—er—unaccountable," he suggested.

"Less so than men," Mrs. Grayson said, while Aaron shambled forward, looking critically at the herbage on the roadside.

"Yes," Keener agreed; "less so than men." It seemed to him that he was talking to Mrs. Grayson on more equal ground than he had ever felt between himself and Dabney, or even Juanita. She had been on his side in the affair with Juanita, and he began to feel that she would be on his side now if she knew. The thought led him toward confidence. "Take my own case," he began, but the words dried on his lips. After all, his own case was far too desperate to talk about.

Mrs. Grayson leaned still farther out of the carriage back. "Do you know, George," she said, "when you first came back and I heard you had called at the Hollingsworths', I told Juanita you would fall in love with Dabney. It was at first sight, wasn't it?"

Keener shook his head. His eyes protruded with misery. "Gradual," he mumbled; "it came gradually."

Mrs. Grayson had not been a lover's confidante for years. It pleased her to the heart. "There's one thing I've often wanted to ask you," she went on. "Did she attract you first by reminding you of Juanita, or the first Mrs. Keener?"

Keener turned a deep crimson. He dropped the reins and pulled his hat on with both hands. It was not the hat he had worn the night before, but it seemed likely to suffer in a similar cause. His voice stuck in his throat.

"Er—neither!" he gasped.

"Oh," Mrs. Grayson commented, "I thought perhaps it might have begun that way." She noticed the agitation of his face. "You were very fond of your first wife, weren't you, George? Do you know, you have never told any of us what she looked like. Would you mind?"

He glanced up and down the road. No one was coming from either way. A deep blue sky hung close above the pine-tree tops. The air was full of the scent of pine and myrtle leaves, and so warm that it smelled as if their spices had been burned. It was quiet and secluded enough to warrant confidences, even between carriages driving tandem.

"Er—let us speak of something else," he begged.

Mrs. Grayson had never seen him in a mood like this before. He had refused to be drawn out in regard to Dabney, and he refused to describe the first Mrs. Keener. "Well, what do you want to talk about?" she asked blankly.

Keener took the whip out of its socket, slipped it back again, and met her glance. His mind was devoid of topics. "Let's talk about—you," he said.

It was so unexpected that her eyes fell. "Why, George," she murmured, "nobody's interested in me."

Her confusion was salve to Keener's injured pride. He lifted his hat and let it settle more easily upon his forehead. "*I* am interested in you," he hazarded. "When I—er—analyze my feelings I find that I have been interested in you a very long time."

The high color faded a little out of her cheeks, and she looked younger for the change. "Yes, we're very old friends," she said, "and, George, I can't help seeing that you're not happy to-day. Has anything come between you and Dabney?"

Keener settled his coat sleeves over his cuffs. It seemed odd to him that he should have felt so desperate a little while before. "That little affair is ended," he announced. "She is too young to be a companion for a man. Now you——"

"George," she broke in, "I know what it is to have lost a companion that I loved. Are you sure that I could take the place of the first Mrs. Keener?"

The perspiration gleamed on Keener's cheeks. "Oh, quite so; don't mention it," he urged. Dabney had said that no girl would like to marry a man who kept talking about another woman, but Mrs. Grayson persisted in dragging forward the first wife whom he had never had and thought it would be wise to forget. "Don't mention it," he repeated. "We will just start fresh as if nothing had happened. I—er—think it's the happier way."

"Now look here," Mrs. Grayson rejoined with a shade of disapproval in her voice, "we're both middle-aged people, and it's useless for us to pretend that this is the beginning of our lives. I'm very fond of you, and always have been, but I shouldn't be honest if I claimed to have the same sort of a feeling for you that I had for Mr. Grayson. I've always told Juanita that nobody should take her father's place, but of course things are different now that she is married and I am left alone."

Keener chirruped uneasily to his horse, though it had its nose almost in Mrs. Grayson's face. Things were certainly different with him, too, since Juanita had married; and as for Mr. Grayson's place, he had never known that Mr. Grayson had a place except in the graveyard. Mr. Grayson had died long ago, and had been forgotten, apparently; Keener had an idea that he had been as silent and unobtrusive as his portrait, which hung in Mrs. Grayson's parlor, carefully obscured with net. But Mrs. Grayson had been holding *him* in reserve, it seemed.

The thought of Mr. Grayson's portrait had come to her, too, by one of those coincidences which are so much more natural than strange.

"Take my word for it," she went on, putting aside the nose of Keener's horse with her hand, "the happier way is to be perfectly frank with each other, and not to ignore the past. Now I should not be content without Mr. Grayson smiling down at me out of his picture, just as he has done for twenty years, and I know that you will want a picture of the first Mrs. Keener somewhere in sight; they can hang on opposite sides of the room."

Keener looked at her with an expression which she could not understand. Family portraits are as easily acquired as memories; he knew that Dabney could be trusted, and the habit of referring to the first Mrs. Keener was a very pleasant one. Mr. Grayson would seem less lonely, too, with a companion piece upon the wall. A sense of humor which was rare to him made him happy with its implication of superior knowledge and worldliness. He inclined his head. "My dear Mrs. Grayson, you are generous, and you know the human heart," he declared; "but let me assure you that in my affection there will never be any difference between you and the first Mrs. Keener."

She flushed and turned away abruptly, so touched that she did not want him to see her face. "You'll drive right along with me," she said over her shoulder, "and we'll tell Juanita."

She lifted her whip and flapped the lines over Aaron's back. Aaron roused himself into a rapid, stiff-kneed trot; Keener's horse pricked up his ears and followed—just as his master was to follow for the rest of his life. A slight exhilaration filled Keener. This was a very different outcome from anything that he had planned, but it would show Dabney and Juanita their inconsequence. Mrs. Grayson was called aggressive, but in his experience she had always been aggressive on his side, and her views of life were reasonable, instead of hysteric, like a girl's. He even felt a comfortable assurance that he could tell her his secret, if he chose, without its shocking her as it had shocked Dabney. Still, it was far better to keep the secret as an offset to the revival of Mr. Grayson.

He blinked suddenly. Bars of sunshine falling through the shadow of a high picket fence which inclosed the Hollingsworth place struck across his face as if each picket had leaped forward and given him a blow. Dabney and Juanita came out of the Hollingsworth gate, starting for the village. Keener set his feet hard against the dashboard, and held one hand in readiness to lift his hat. He was glad that Mrs. Grayson was in advance to decide what to do. He wondered if she would rein in, then and there, to announce the news.

For once Mrs. Grayson was content to let appearances tell their own tale. She glanced back to see that Keener was safe and close behind. Then she flapped the lines over Aaron's back, and leaned out of her buggy in passing.

"Good-day, Dabney, my dear," she said. "Juanita, George and I are going to your house, but you needn't hurry back. We can entertain each other."

Keener lifted his hat without a word, and their buggy wheels rattled ostentatiously over the hard shell road. Juanita stared after them in amazement. Dabney dug her parasol into the shells.

"My engagement with Mr. Keener is broken," she explained.

"Oh!" Juanita said. She drew the girl toward her, and their eyes met in an understanding of what they had each escaped.

"And mamma is comforting him," Juanita added. She sat down under a tree and began to laugh. "Oh, thank the Lord!" she said; "thank the Lord!"

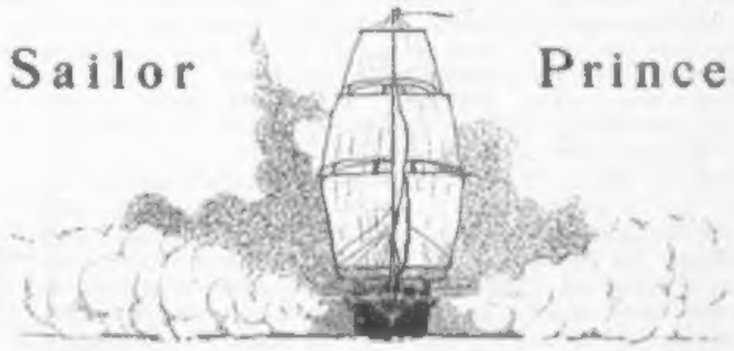
Dabney did not laugh; her pride was too sore; but she smiled a little as she watched the two equipages sweep up to the De Ferriere gate.

"Ann!" Mrs. Grayson called.

Keener made a motion as if to climb down and open the gate. Mrs. Grayson turned and checked him.

"Ann!" she called again.

GERMANY'S Sailor Prince



THE announcement from Berlin that Prince Henry, of Prussia, will complete his tour of the world by visiting the United States on his way from Japan to Germany calls attention to the remarkably large number of German Princes who are descended from Queen Victoria. The Prince, whose real name is Albert Wilhelm Heinrich, and who is an Admiral on sea and a Major-General on land, is one of the eight children of the Dowager Empress Victoria, who is the eldest daughter of the British Queen. He is proud of his descent, and when on one occasion some one spoke of him as being an Anglo-Saxon he responded quietly:

"You mean an Anglo-Teuton."

Owned and published by J. C. Schaarwächter, photographer to the Kaiser, Berlin.

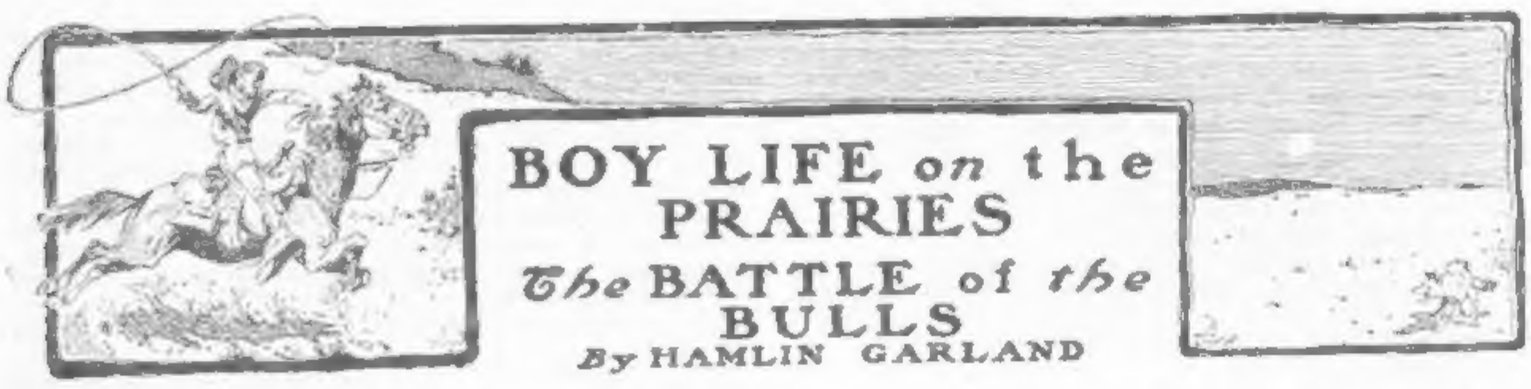
PRINCE HENRY, OF PRUSSIA

He is the only living brother of the Kaiser, two other sons of the Dowager Empress, Princes Siglamund and Joachim, having died—one in infancy and the other in boyhood.

Prince Henry was born in 1862, and in 1888 he married his first cousin, the Princess Irene, of Hesse, the third child of the late Princess Alice, of England, Grand Duchess of Hesse. Prince Henry has two children, Prince Waldimar, now ten years of age, and Prince Sigismund, who is three. The Prince is popular in Germany, his chief qualities being amiability, tact and generosity. He is an excellent soldier, but not so good a sailor. His trip from Germany to Kiao-Chu, which began his present tour of the world, was marked by so many mishaps as to be a standing joke among the navies of other nations. His ship ran short of fuel and of provisions. She went aground and had to be pulled off by steam tugs. Her steam gave out, necessitating her being towed, and on several occasions, according to rumor, she lost her reckoning and mistook her course. As no courts martial were held and nothing was ever published about it in the official journals, critics have justifiably believed that if there were any blame it was chargeable to the distinguished navigator in command.

At Kiao-Chu the Prince showed himself to be an efficient administrator and commander, and along the coast of China as well as at the various ports he visited he gained the good will of all he encountered. At Hongkong he met Admiral George Dewey just prior to the latter's starting for Manila. He told the Admiral that he would probably come with his fleet over to Manila.

Dewey saw the situation and realized that the proposed friendly visit might possibly conceal an armed intervention, and the visit was prevented. Great are the arts of diplomacy!



BOY LIFE on the PRAIRIES

The BATTLE of the BULLS

By HAMLIN GARLAND

AT THE time Duncan Stewart moved out upon Sun Prairie, in Northern Iowa, wide tracts of Government land still lay open for common grazing-ground during the summer, and every farmer had from twenty-five to a hundred head of cattle and horses. As soon as the grass began to spring from the fire-blackened sod in April, the cattle left the straw-piles (under whose lee they had slowly starved during the winter) and crawled out to forage on the open. They were still "free commoners" in the eyes of the law.

The colts were a fuzzy, ugly looking lot at this time; even those that were well fed had long hair and dirty and tangled manes, but as the grazing improved and the warmth and plenty of spring filled them with new blood they sloughed off their mangy coats of hair and lifted their heads to the breeze in glorious freedom. Most of them had never felt the weight of a man's hand, and even those which had been in and around the barnyard of a winter lost all trace of tameness after a few days' life on the springing grass. Indeed, it was not unusual to find the wildest and wariest of all the horses bearing some ineffaceable badge of previous servitude.

It was curious, it was splendid, to see how the old wild instinct broke out in these halterless herds. In a few days, after many battles, the horses of all the region united into one drove, and a leader, the swiftest and most tireless of them all, appeared from the ranks and led them at will. Often without apparent cause, merely for the joy of it, these herds would wheel and charge and race for hours over the swells, across the creeks, and through the hazel thickets. Sometimes their movements arose from the stinging of gadflies, sometimes from a battle between two jealous leaders, sometimes from the passing of a wolf—often from no cause at all except abounding vitality.

In precisely the same way, but less readily, the cattle went forth to feed. Each herd not only contained the growing steers, but the family cows, and it was the duty of one boy from each family to mount a horse every afternoon and "hunt the cattle," and as he soon knew the sound of every bell he was not long in discovering the herd. The cows were then cut out and driven back to the farmyard to be milked. In this way every boy in the neighborhood had learned to ride like a Comanche. Mr. Stewart turned over to Lincoln a swift little Morgan horse, and cattle-herding became a part of his business during the summer of his eleventh year. Owen soon had his pony also. They lived in the saddle when no other duties called them, and often Milton and Rance Knapp rode with Lincoln in his search for the cows; and then he was happy, and the world a good place for a boy.

In this way he came to know the prairies, which were then very beautiful. On the uplands a short, light green grass grew, intermixed with various resinous weeds, while the lowlands produced a luxuriant growth of splendid blue-joint and wild oats; along the streams, eight or ten miles apart, forests of oak, ash, maple, elm and basswood broke the sweep of the plains. The streams were pure and cold, and full of fish.

Nothing could be more generous, more joyous, than the natural meadows of these prairies in June. The flash and ripple and glimmer of the grass, the myriad voices of ecstatic bobolinks, the chirp and whistle of the red-winged blackbirds swaying on the reeds or the willows, the larks piping from grassy bogs, the swift snipe and plover and innumerable insects adding their voices to the daily chorus which rose and fell on the flowery green slopes of the uplands. It was a big land, and a big, big sky to Lincoln, who had been born in a Wisconsin coolly.

Sometimes of a Sunday afternoon Lincoln wandered deep in these meadows with Marietta and Milton, gathering bouquets of pinks, sweet-williams, tiger-lilies and lady-slippers. The sun flamed across the splendid moving, flashing deeps of the grass, the perfumes of a thousand nameless plants rose in the warm midday air, and care was a stranger. The mere joy of living filled their hearts to the exclusion of any other desire.

Nor was the upland less interesting as they roamed over it, far and wide, on their horses. In the spring the huge antlers, bleaching white and bare in countless numbers on the sod, told of the millions of elk and bison that had but just been driven away to the West from these green savannas. Antelope and deer were still to be seen, and to Lincoln it seemed that just over the next ridge toward the sunset the shaggy brown bulls still fed in thousands, and in his heart he vowed sometime to ride away over there and see.

The gray hermit, the badger, made his home in deep dens on the long ridges, and on sunny April days the mother fox, with her young, lay out on southward-sloping swells. The swift prairie wolf, with backward-glancing eyes, slunk from copse to copse, and many a mad race the boys had at the tail of this swift and tireless "spectre of the plains." They seldom harmed him, but the racing brought out the speed of their ponies and broke the monotony of the herding.

Scattered over these uplands were small groves or clumps of popple trees, called "tow-heads" by the settlers. They were commonly only two or three hundred feet in diameter, though in some cases they grew along a ridge many acres in extent. Around these islands of trees seas of hazel brush rolled, interspersed with lagoons of blue-joint grass, that most beautiful and stately product of prairie soil.

Over these uplands, through these lakes of hazel brush and around these groves of popple, Lincoln and Rance, Owen and Milton careered, chasing the rabbits, hunting the cows, killing rattlesnakes, racing the half-wild colts and the prowling wolves. It was a splendid life for a boy. Rance, tall, reliant, graceful, and strong almost as a man, was Lincoln's hero. He had a magnificent colt named Ladrone, and rode him as no other boy in the whole country could ride. He had a cowboy saddle with a high pommel, while Lincoln and Milton rode old army saddles without pommels. They all carried short-handled drovers' whips, which

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

He had a cowboy saddle

required considerable skill to manage, for the lash was long and heavy, and sure to wind around the neck of an awkward lad. Lincoln was soon exceedingly expert with this whip, but Rance remained the best rider. The three boys were almost inseparable, and when the farm duties permitted them to ride away on the prairie their hearts knew no sorrow—no regret. Lincoln's colt, Rob Roy, was a close second to Ladrone, while Milton's long-necked, hammer-head, Cassius, held his own on long stretches.

During the first three years of Lincoln's life on Sun Prairie the cattle remained "free commoners," but all this suddenly changed. The stockman was required to take care of his cattle, and fencing became optional with the owner of crops. This was due to an enactment called the "Herd Law," and was a great relief to farmers, for whom fencing was a very costly work.

As to the rights or wrongs of this the boys of Sun Prairie had no opinion. They only vaguely understood the cause, but the change in their lives was momentous. Up to this time their watch over the herd was easy and lax; now it became necessary to know where the herd was every hour of the day and night. The herder must stay with his cattle until relieved, like a sentinel. This led to a union of forces between Stewart, Knapp and Jennings. The cattle were held in one herd, and the boys took turn and turn about in watching them.

Meanwhile a still greater change was taking place. As the settlers poured in in hundreds the wild lands yielded to the breaking plow, and the range disappeared with incredible swiftness, until at last only two great feeding-grounds existed: one to the west—a wet, cold tract covered with fine grass interspersed with hazel patches, and the "burr oak country" to the east, on the Wapsypinnecon. To these ranges the cows had to be driven each morning and brought home each night. This led to the next important step. A part of the home farm was "seeded down" to timothy grass, and the cows separated from the general herd, which could thus be driven farther away and held during the entire season.

So, at last, Milton and Owen, or Lincoln and Rance, kept watch every day over the combined herds of the neighborhood, while the others worked at corn-planting or haying or harvest. As it happened, the farmers for a year or two kept up their fences, and the boys, after seeing the herd quartered, were able to return home to spend the night; but at last the range grew too small and the fences too poor—newcomers made none at all—and then came the final change. One day Captain Knapp called to arrange with Mr. Stewart about having the young cattle and the steers driven over into Pipestone County in search of wider range.

When the decision was announced the boys were deeply moved. Whoever herded the cattle now would be a herder indeed. He must not expect to return to his mother at night. He must sleep in a tent and follow his cattle. In imagination Lincoln saw files of Indians moving over smooth ranges, outlined against the sky, or heard the thunderous trample of buffaloes. On the night before they were to start the boys were too excited to sleep. Every boy in Sun Prairie wanted to go, and most of them did go, to spy out the land.

Lincoln, Rance and Milton rounded up the herd and kept it moving, while Mr. Stewart and Captain Knapp and several of the smaller boys followed in a wagon in which were tent and bedding for the herders. Mr. Stewart had said: "You don't want a tent. We will get a place for you at some settler's shanty." But the boys insisted, and so a little "dog tent" was purchased by Lincoln and Rance to be their very own, and they were happy.

For a couple of hours the ground was familiar, but at last they came to the Cedar River, beyond which all was unknown. They were deeply disappointed to find houses there, but toward noon they came to a long, low swell of wild land reaching far to right and to left, which seemed to be the beginning of the wilderness. It was a wet and swampy country, and for that reason it was yet unclaimed, but there were herds of cattle already feeding there, and Mr. Stewart said to Lincoln and Rance:

"Let the herd graze, boys, while we take a snack." And so the caravan halted to rest and feed.

"I'd like to keep right on all summer, wouldn't you, Rance?" said Lincoln.

"Yes," replied Rance, but his voice was not as fervid as Lincoln had expected.

About four o'clock they stopped for the night. They were still in the wet country, but only about twenty miles from home. It seemed a very long way indeed to Lincoln when Mr. Stewart said: "Well, boys, I guess we'll have to go into camp."

Captain Knapp, being an old soldier and plainsman, took direction of affairs. He selected a place to camp on the east side of the popple grove, out of the wind, which blew cold as the night fell. He soon had a bright fire going in a trench, while Rance galloped away to a cabin near by to get some milk. Lincoln dismounted, but kept his horse in hand in case the cattle should become restless, while Mr. Stewart erected the little tent and got out the bedding.

Lincoln considered himself a well-seasoned cowboy as he galloped around the herd next morning and headed them back toward the camp. Breakfast was soon ready, and once more they took up their line of march toward the west. As they moved they passed another thin line of settlement and came, at last, to the edge of a superb range, several miles in extent, and comparatively unspotted with cattle.

"Here's the place," said Captain Knapp.

It was a beautiful section. A great stretch of rolling prairie, with small ponds scattered about. It had beautiful stretches of upland, also, and Lincoln's imagination turned the cattle into bison and his own party into Red Men, and so felt the bigness and the poetry of the scene.

Again they halted, and Captain Knapp selected their permanent camping-ground, and laid out a corral, into which the cattle were to be driven at night. Arrangements were made with the nearest settler to board the boys, and night fell with all arrangements completed; even the corral was nearly finished. That night only deepened the wonder and wild joy of the task.

The next morning, as they watched the men climb into the wagon, the "cowboys" began to realize that they were now to be actually responsible herders. Captain Knapp said:

"Now, Rance, be careful. Put the cattle into the corral every night for a week; after that, if they are quiet, you won't need to. Watch 'em till they fill up, and then go to bed. But if it threatens rain, or if the flies are bad, you'd better bring 'em in. Good-by; take care of yourselves."

"Look out for saugers," said Mr. Stewart.

"Go to your meals regular," was Mr. Jennings' jocose parting word.

As the wagon passed over a swell, out of sight, Milton cocked his head on one side and said: "Well, boys, we're in for it."

"I guess we weigh a hundred and enough," replied Lincoln.

The first thing necessary was to get the lay of the land, so they galloped away to a swell which ran against the sky to

---

Editor's Note—This is the first of four sketches of Boy Life on the Prairies by Hamlin Garland. The remaining three will appear weekly in the Post.

—"*you want to keep your herd south of the ridge, or there'll be trouble*"

the west. From this height they could see a large blue line of timber, and houses thickening to a settlement. To the north the land seemed open and comparatively free of settlers. To the south, farms could be seen.

Below them, to the west, was a big drove of colts, and Rance said:

"Milton, you watch the cattle while Link and I go down and look at that herd of horses."

"All right," said Milton. "Don't be gone long."

There was mischief in Rance's eyes as he rode gently down toward the herd, which had finished its morning feeding and was standing almost motionless on the prairie. Some were feeding, others stood gnawing each other's withers in friendly civility, some were in a close knot to keep away from the flies, stamping uneasily or jostling together. Others still were lying flat on their sides or rolling in a dusty spot. They were a very fine grade of horses.

"I wonder which is the leader," said Lincoln.

"That black mare," replied Rance. "See her eyes. She's ready to stampede."

Gathering the reins well in hand, he rode slowly up to the herd. The colts and young stallions, never handled by man, approached with insolent curiosity. They had not the craft of the Morgan mare, who knew all too well what it meant to fall into the hands of men.

Rance raised a whoop. The black whirled on her feet, agile as a cat, and away they all went with thunder of hoofs and bugling from wide-blown nostrils. The clumsy colts were transformed into something swift and splendid. Their lifted heads and streaming manes dignified and gave majesty as they moved awkwardly but swiftly, looking back at their pursuers with peculiar, insulting, cunning waving of the head from side to side, the challenge of the horse, their tails flung out like banners.

But Rance was a light-weight, and his horse once the proud leader of a similar herd. He soon outstripped all but the savage little black mare, who was running easily. Side by side the two horses moved as if in harness, but Rance's Ladrone pulled hard at the bit, showing that he was capable of more speed. Lincoln was close behind. The herd dropped away and was lost. Rance, lifting his short-handled whip, and swirling the long lash around his head, brought it down across the mare's back, yelling like a Sioux.

The mare seemed to flatten out like a wolf, as she let out the last link of her speed. Lincoln could see the veins come out on her neck, and could hear the roaring breath of his own Rob Roy. The muscles along the spine and over the hips of the mare heaved and swelled as Rance again raised the whip in the air and brought it down along her glossy side. She did not respond. She had reached the limit of her stride.

Suddenly changing the pressure of his knees, the exultant lad let the rein fall and, leaning forward, shouted into the ear of his roan, whose head, hitherto held high, straightened and seemed to reach beyond the flying mare; she fell behind and wheeled—she was beaten! And Lincoln joined in the exultant whoop of his hero.

But while the boys were glad to turn and recover their breath, the tireless mare led the drove in wide evolutions, wheeling and charging, trotting and galloping, always on the outside track, as if to show that, while Ladrone could beat her on a short run, she was fresh and strong, while he was winded. The boys returned to Milton, who had watched the race from the ridge.

Such movements as this, common with colts, did not occur among the cattle. They never moved except for a purpose. They did not seem to feel the same need nor to take the same joy in exercise. But they had their own tremendous dramas for all that. They were almost incessantly battling among themselves, steer against steer, and herd against herd. In this the boys took immense delight. In comparison with the struggle of great steers, the cock-fighting in which they gloried in early spring became of small account. It was as if lions warred when two herds met.

The boys understood the voices and gestures of cattle quite as well as those of roosters, and each had a particular animal in whose skill and prowess he had betting confidence, and during the long, monotonous days herds were often driven into contact. War always resulted, for these cattle were not meek "polled Angus" or Jerseys, but great, rangy, piebald creatures with keen and cruel horns, in whom battle was as instinctive as in a wildcat.

As the boys returned to Milton, he said:

"Say, boys, we'll have a dandy fight one of these days. See them cattle?"

Sure enough. Slowly rising from a ravine was a big herd of cattle attended by a single horseman.

"Boys, you stay here," said Lincoln, "and I'll go over an' see that feller."

As he galloped up to the herd he discovered the herder to be a boy a little younger than himself, a very blond boy, with a keen, shrewd face.

"Hello, where'd you come from?" he asked.

"Cedar County. Where do you live?"

"'Bout four miles west of here. What's your name?"

"Lincoln Stewart. What's yours?"

"Cecil Johnson. Say, you want to look out for our old bull; he's roamin' round somewhere. He's a terrible fighter."

"What if he is? If he comes round our herd old Spot 'll 'tend to him."

"Mebbe he will an' mebbe he won't. Old Brin killed a steer last Sunday. You want to keep on your horse when he comes round."

"We ain't afraid; but you want to keep your herd south of the ridge, or there'll be trouble."

"I guess our cattle can take care of theirselves."

This was virtually a declaration of war, and when Lincoln told Rance and Milton they ominously said: "Let 'em come. We're here first."

They were all deeply excited at the prospect of seeing two strange herds come together. No such battle had ever before been possible, and Milton said several times during the middle of the day:

"Let's kinder edge 'em along toward each other an' have it over an' done with."

But Lincoln opposed this. "Oh, gosh, no! If we did, an' some of 'em got killed, we'd catch lightnin'; but if they come together themselves we're not to blame."

The herds fed quietly on opposite sides of a timbered ridge till about three o'clock, when a low, deep, sullen, far-off growling was heard.

"That's the brindle bull. He's walkin' along this way," said Lincoln, who could see in imagination the solitary beast, pacing slowly along, uttering regular muttering roars, as if half asleep and yet angry.

Rance twisted his lip into a queer smile. "Well, let him come. Old Spot 'll meet him."

Old Spot was a big tiger-bodied beast, half Hereford and half Texan; a wild, swift, insolent and savage steer, with keen, wide-spreading horns. He had whipped every animal on Sun Prairie, and considered himself the necessary guard of the herd. He was quarrelsome among the members of his own family, a danger to horses, and a menace to the boys, though they kept him half in awe by occasional severe hidings. He heard the distant sound and, lifting his head, listened critically, while the boys quivered with delight.

Soon the solitary warrior topped the ridge and, looking over the prairie to the west, challenged the world. He tore at the sod with his flat, short horns, and threw showers of dust and pieces of sod high in the air.

Then old Spot commenced to brag in his turn. Drawing a little out of the herd, he, too, began to show what he could do with hoofs and horns, while the boys, wild with interest, cut in behind and urged him gently on.

It was worth while to see these resolute and defiant animals approach each other, challenging, studying each other, seeking battle of their own free will. With heads held low, and rigid as oak, with tongues lolling from their red mouths, while the skin wrinkled on their curved and swollen necks like the corrugations of a shield, they edged in sidelong caution, foot by foot, toward a common centre. They came on like skilled boxers, snuffing, uttering short and boastful roarings, their eyes protruding, their tails waving high, until, with sudden crash of skull and horns, they met in deadly grapple.

A moment's silence took place as they measured strength, pushing and straining with sudden relaxations and twisting thrusts, impatient to secure advantage. The clash of their shaking, interlocked horns, their deep breathing, the fierce glare of their blood-shot eyes, became each moment more terrible. The sweat streamed from their heaving sides, their great hoofs clutched and tore the sod. At last Brindle, getting the upper hold, pressed the spotted steer's head to the ground, nearly shutting off his breath. Lincoln, who was betting on the bull, raised a cheer, but the steer was not defeated. From his great nostrils he blew the bloody foam, and, gathering himself for one last desperate effort, with a sudden jerk ran one long horn under the bull's neck, and with a mighty surge rose under him, flinging the bull aside, literally running away with him.

The Sun Prairie boys cheered, but the owner of the bull, who had joined them, calmly said: "Old Brin is still on deck; don't you forget it!"

Once beaten is always beaten, as a rule, with a steer or cow. They seldom dispute the outcome of a first encounter, no matter how old or weak the victor becomes; but with the bull it is a different matter. A young bull will return to the battle twice, and even a third time. The brindle fled as long as he saw no chance to recover, but when the big steer paused, he turned, took guard, and the battle went on again. The two herds, becoming aware of the struggle, drew near, snuffing and pawing, circling restlessly, threatening to interfere, but the boys held them off with sudden dashes toward them, with whistling whips swirling.

Never had such a battle taken place on the prairie. Lincoln, skilled in the sign language of animals, understood that this was a fight to a finish, and a sort of awe fell on him. The brindle was heavier, but the steer had keener horns, and was quicker on his feet. His tigerlike body bent almost double under the bull's mighty rushes, but outsprang again, like a splendid sword blade. Both were sensibly weaker at the end of ten minutes, but their ferocity continued unabated. They were fighting in silence now, wasting no breath in boasting.

Suddenly, with a dexterous fling, the steer tossed the bull aside, and followed with a swift rush for his heart with his keen right horn. Out burst a thin stream of blood, and the boys looked at each other in alarm.

"He's killed him!" said Milton. "Old Spot's killed him!"

"Not much he hasn't," replied Cecil. "A bull never gives up. He's just beginning to get mad."

Whipping into line, the brindle again met his antagonist, and with another mad rush pinned him to the ground, as before, but his horns were too short to hold him. Again the steer rose.

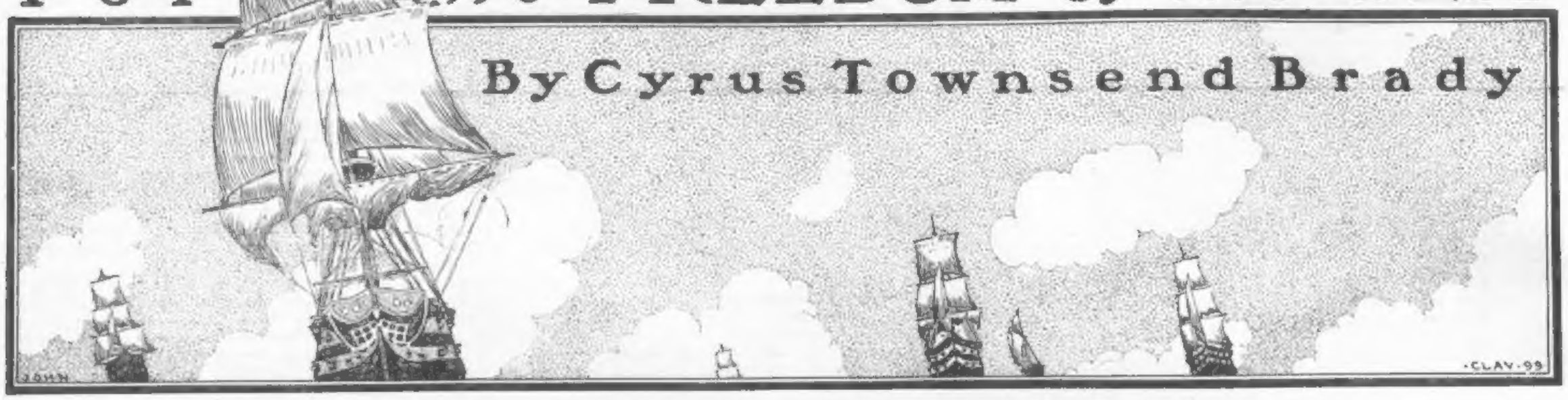
The battle-ground shifted, the boys following, their muscles aching with the strain. At this moment arose a new sound, a wild and savage roar, a long-drawn, powerful raucous note, ending in a singular upward squealing inflection, which was instantly followed by other similar outcries. The boys, pale with fear, turned to look. A big line-back steer stood above the pool of fresh blood and, with nose held to the ground, with open mouth and protruding tongue, was calling for vengeance. The herds, hitherto merely restless, woke to fury. They flung themselves upon that calling sentinel. From a herd of lazily feeding, stupidly sleeping domestic animals they woke to the fury of their mighty ancestor. They had the action of bison, the voices of lions.

In an instant the two gladiators were hidden by a swarm of bawling, rushing, crowding cattle, from which the herders fled in terror. Out of the mass of dusty, sweaty, bloody beasts, waving tails fluttered, and up-flung dust and sod arose. While above the mutter and roar and trample that thrilling, hair-uplifting, bawling roar (heard only when roused by scent of blood) was emitted by old and young. It seemed as if the beasts would annihilate one another, and the boys were sick with apprehension and a sense of guilt. There was nothing to do but wait. "They'll kill each other! There won't be a yearling left!" said Lincoln.

For nearly thirty minutes the herds fought; then, panting, wet with sweat, and covered with grass and dust, they wore apart, and the boys, gaining courage, darted in and forced them in opposite directions. The brindle bull was then discovered still fighting, but weak and bloody. He had become separated from his chief antagonist. As his herd moved off, he sullenly, slowly followed, scorning to be hurried, and the boys called it a "draw game," and declared all bets off, glad to find that no dead from either side remained on the field of battle.

"*Old Brin is still on deck; don't you forget it!*"

For the FREEDOM of the SEA



By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Book II—Eighth Chapter

TWO months had elapsed since the declaration of war. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the nineteenth of August, 1812, the frigate Constitution, under all plain sail, about eight hundred miles off the Massachusetts coast, or, as the sights at noon had indicated, in latitude 41° 41′ North, longitude 55° 48′ West, was moving swiftly southward. Several prizes had been taken since she had left Boston, where she had called after her brilliant escape from the British fleet in the preceding month, but nothing of any great importance had as yet occurred on this cruise.

The escape continued to be the main exploit that regulated the conversation of the cabin and the forecastle. It was on July 17 that the Constitution got away from the British squadron of five ships, including the Guerrière, after a chase of three days, one of the distinctly memorable achievements in the naval history of the United States. It was the seamanship then displayed which had given the older men of the ship an admiration for Captain Isaac Hull that almost reached reverence, and these told the younger ones the story of the day with many interesting variations. Nothing could better explain Captain Hull's hold upon his men. He had demonstrated his transcendent ability as a sailor in the tactics and seamanship by which he had effected his escape from the squadron which had pursued them a month before.

Indeed, it may be confidently stated that no more thorough seaman ever commanded a ship in the United States Navy, nor any other Navy, than Isaac Hull. He had sailed in the Constitution years before, and knew the ship and her qualities, what she could and what she could not do, better than the average man knows the true nature of his wife, for the ship spoke to him without dissimulation and without reserve, and followed his guidance without disobedience or strife.

His crew, in a certain sense, was green. The men had been together but a short time, and many of them had probably never heard a shot fired in anger from the great guns of a ship. Yet there was a large body of veteran seamen on board, old men-of-war's men, like Rhodes, who had been judiciously distributed throughout the gun crews, which they generally commanded, and allotted to the more important stations of the ship.

The difference between the English and Americans on the sea at that time was interesting. The crews of the English men-of-war had been raised, so to speak, upon battle, but the general character of the men who composed them was very far below that of the Americans, who were recruited from a singularly capable merchant service, the men being hardy and bold to a notable degree. Many of them had been pressed into the British service, and had learned something of fighting there, and more of the brutal rule of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and they consequently carried in their bosoms a rankling desire for revenge. Short as had been the period of their service, they had been exercised with unusual frequency at the great guns, and Captain Hull had not been afraid to expend powder and shot in daily target practice.

Captain Hull's discipline, while stern, as it must be with all war-vessels, was in no sense merciless, cruel or unjust. With such a crew he had no necessity for that iron severity by which England obtained control of and rendered efficient the motley refuse which the press-gang collected and deposited upon her decks.

On that August afternoon grog had just been served out, and there had been much smacking of lips, followed by song and story. The mellow tone of the ship's bell interrupted all conversation.

"Four bells," said old Joe; "we'll be called to target practice in a minute now. I'll lay aft to be ready for——"

"Sail ho!" came down from the foremast head, where the lookout was perched on the royal yard.

"Where away?" shouted the officer of the deck.

"Two points off port bow, sir."

"That's well. Keep a bright lookout there. Sing out when you make anything of her."

"I feel it in my bones, mates," said Rhodes, as he walked along the gangway, "that you're goin' to find out pretty soon what kind of a fighter the old man is; an' wot's more, he's goin' to find out wot kind of a fighter you are, by the same token."

The midshipman on watch, by direction of his superior, the officer of the deck, at once reported the sail to Captain Hull, who came hastily from his cabin to the quarter-deck.

"How does she bear, Mr. Read?" asked Hull of that officer.

"East, sou'east, sir," was the reply; "over there, about two points on the port bow."

"Head her on that course, then," said Hull quietly. "Break out the stuns'ls, too; we'll have a look at her. Better call all hands," he added, though this was a perfunctory order, since everybody not necessarily employed below was already on deck.

In an incredibly short time the ship, her course having been altered and her airy studding-sails extended far beyond the broad yardarms, like the wings of a gigantic gull, swept forward toward the strange sail. At five bells the man on the mainroyal hailed: "I can make her out now, sir."

"What is it?"

"Large ship, sir . . . man-o'-war . . . a frigate, I think."

At six bells, or three o'clock, the ship was in plain sight from the deck of the Constitution. As the lookouts had surmised, she was evidently a large war-ship, presumably an enemy. She was heading about southwest on the starboard tack, under easy canvas.

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"Here's one of 'em, sir"

The Constitution was kept off a little, so as not to pass astern of the chase, which, at half-past four o'clock, hauled up her courses and took in and furled her topgallant sails, her royal yards not having been crossed. There was no doubt as to her character now, and, while there was a question as to her name and force, all who were capable of judging on the Constitution were confident she was the Guerrière.

There was no ship on the ocean that was so thoroughly detested by the Americans for her offensive acts as the Guerrière. Under her previous Captains she had been foremost in insult to the flag and abuse of maritime privileges. The frigates President, United States and Constitution, sister ships, were all anxious to meet her, and the two that were at sea were eagerly seeking her. It was with great joy, therefore, that Hull welcomed a prospective opportunity for trying her mettle.

"What do you think of her, Master Rhodes?" he said to the old seaman who happened to be passing by and who was something of a privileged character with all the officers.

"It's the Gurreer, sir," he replied, touching his hat.

"Now you'll get that fight you wanted so badly in the Chesapeake, I think," returned the Captain, smiling.

"Yes, sir; an' we'll get a good one, too, I guess. Them British, sir, are hard fellows on salt water."

"I know that," answered Hull; "they are a hard set of fellows, surely, but we've got a harder set, I think."

"Lord love Your Honor," answered Rhodes, "we have surely. They're as full of fight as game-cocks. Here's one of 'em, sir, an' a little one he is, too, as wants to see you."

Shrinking behind old Rhodes' gigantic figure was a small boy, yclept William Cotton. He was trembling with nervousness at the idea of speaking to the Captain, and if it had not been for Rhodes' restraining hand on his shoulder he would have cut and run at the last moment.

"What is it, my lad?" said Hull quietly. Although he was a severe disciplinarian, he was just and humane in his treatment of his men, who repaid him with a devotion little short of idolatry. "Speak out. Don't be afraid. I don't want anybody on this ship to be afraid of anything. Isn't that correct, Mr. Fairford?"

"Of course, sir, but a little judicious fear of the Captain is not a bad thing, I think," returned the young Lieutenant thoughtfully.

"Oh—er—of course, I didn't refer to that."

"P—p—p—please, sir," said the boy, squirming, "I only come aboard at Boston, sir, and my name is not on the muster-roll, sir. I want it put down now, sir."

"What for?" said Hull, smiling.

"So's I can draw my prize-money, sir."

The Captain laughed. "It shall be done," he said. "Mr. Fairford, do you see that the name of this young financier is entered upon the muster-roll at once."

William saluted and with a light heart ran forward, visions of wealth dancing before his eyes.

The Constitution had now drawn much nearer to the chase, which, indeed, had shown not the slightest desire to escape, but, having backed her maintop sail, was calmly awaiting the approach.

Captain Hull deliberately took in his studding-sails, sent down the royal-yards, furled the topgallant sails, hauled down the staysails, hauled up the courses and left them hanging in the brails, then took a reef in the topsails, and, having made everything snug alow and aloft, beat to quarters and squared away for the enemy.

Ninth Chapter

AS THE Constitution slowly neared the Guerrière an intense silence pervaded the ship. Every one, from the smallest powder-monkey to the Captain, realized the momentous nature of the impending conflict. A new aspirant for naval honors was about to meet the hitherto undisputed mistress of the seas. Would her fate be that of the Dutchman, the Frenchman and the Spaniard, who had successively challenged and yielded the title, or would the newcomer break the spell of the British name? So far as the American Navy had been hitherto tried in the war with France, and in the Tripolitan conflict, it had proved itself of first-class efficiency; and, to go still further back, the few combats of the Revolution had augured well for its future.

As Captain Hull, attended by the sailing-master and several midshipmen as aids, stood upon the topgallant forecastle for the purpose of better observing the enemy, he looked forward with perfect confidence to the coming fight.

Through the glass the English officers could be plainly seen passing and repassing the ports where the gun crews stood at their quarters. At this moment the stops upon several small dark balls of bunting, which had been hanging at the mastheads and the gaff, were broken, and four of the glorious red ensigns of old England streamed out in the breeze.

They were at once answered by a display of the beautiful stars and stripes from similar points of vantage on the

Editor's Note—This story began in the September 30 number of the Post.

American ship. Presently the mainyard of the English ship was swung, she gathered way and slowly forged ahead.

Then the eager watchers saw flashes of light shoot out from her side, followed by shrouding clouds of smoke which completely obscured the ship for a moment, and out of which came the deep roar of the heavy guns of the frigate's batteries. The first broadside of the English did no damage, as the Constitution was not yet within range, though the sound of it sent a thrill through every heart.

Their antagonist meant business; the battle was on.

The veteran gunners blew their smouldering matches and looked eagerly toward the Captain.

The Guerrière shot out from the cloud of smoke and wore short around—that is, turned upon her heel away from the

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

—sent a cloud of splinters flying

wind in order to bring the other side to bear. The distance between the ships was now less than before, but Hull's practiced eye considered them scarcely within range.

Again the English ship was wreathed in flame and smoke, and this time a few of her shot passed over the Constitution, doing no damage beyond cutting a rope here and there. The silence upon the decks of the American was absolute—not a sound could be heard above the splash of the waves against her bows and the singing of the steadily freshening wind through the top hamper.

As the breeze carried away the smoke it was seen that the English ship, handled with that beautiful smartness for which her Navy was famous, was again wearing to bring her starboard broadside into play once more.

"Mr. Neil," said Hull quietly to one of his midshipmen, "lay aft and tell the quartermaster to stand by to put the helm to starboard," and, as the midshipman touched his cap and ran along the gangway toward the wheel, he said to the sailing-master: "We must not let her rake us, Mr. Aylwyn."

"Stand by!" shouted Hull a moment afterward, and then, "Hard a-starboard! Flow the head-sheets, there! Haul aft the spanker-sheet!"

All these orders were obeyed swiftly, the Constitution swung her great side parallel to the enemy to avoid being raked, and received a third broadside, which did no more damage than the others.

"First division, there!" thundered Hull at the same moment; "give him a shot with the forward guns!"

Several sharp reports followed in succession.

"Let her go off again! Flatten in the head-sheets! Steady with the helm! We must close with her. I do not like this business of playing at long bowls," he added.

The Guerrière was wearing again in the smoke to bring the other broadside to bear. As before, the Constitution presented her broadside to the enemy and answered with her forward guns, in one instance delivering a broadside.

The manœuvre was several times repeated without any apparent damage to either ship, until the Englishman, who had assumed to play it, tired of the game and slowly ran off with the wind on the port quarter—an open invitation to close, which Hull wanted more than anything else, for he had been persistently trying to get into close action ever since the chase had been sighted.

"We'll never get alongside at this rate," he said finally. "Main topsail-yard, there; lay aloft and loose the topgallant sail. Lively! Man the topgallant halyards; hands on the foresheets; overhaul the brails, there, one of you. Let fall; sheet home; hoist away!"

The men ran the foresail down and the topgallant sail up as if they had been silk instead of heavy canvas. The courses of the two ships now made a sharp angle with each other, and the Constitution, under the added sail, began rapidly to overhaul the enemy, which was leisurely jogging along, waiting for her, with batteries grimly silent.

"Have the guns double-shotted, Mr. Fairford," said Hull calmly to his First Lieutenant, who had been superintending the batteries. "One round shot and a stand of grape as well."

Tenth Chapter

AT THIS moment the fire from the Guerrière reopened fiercely. The shot took effect. Shrouds, ropes and braces were cut here and there; a great rent appeared in the foresail; one heavy shot struck the rail forward and sent a cloud of splinters flying almost as high as the foreyard; one jagged piece of wood pierced the throat of the captain of number three gun forward; another splinter, and a larger piece, struck one of the sail-trimmers clustered about the foremast a frightful blow in the chest, completely crushing it in and laying him senseless on the deck, where he died before he could be taken below. Blood dripping from the foretop, where were stationed topmen and marines, indicated that at least one bullet had found its billet there as well.

"Steady, men, steady!" said Read, the officer commanding the division in which these casualties had occurred, noticing the pale faces of some of the younger men. The veterans, used to such scenes, calmly squinted along the sights of their guns, and with waves of the hand and whispered words to the men at the elevating chocks, or to the handspikemen and tacklemen, kept them trained upon the enemy, which was now pouring forth a rapid fire.

Hull had resumed his station on the quarter-deck. He was standing with his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent forward, looking eagerly at the other ship. His lips were tightly closed, and his eyes shone with battle fire. In common with many choleric and excitable men, he became more and more cool and composed as the supreme moment of emergency approached.

Fairford sprang aft hurriedly.

"The enemy has opened fire and killed two of our men! Shall I return it, sir?"

"Not yet, sir," answered Hull calmly.

The helm, by the Captain's direction, had been gradually shifted to starboard until the two vessels were running in parallel courses. An attempt on the enemy's part to cross the Constitution's bow, and an attempt on her part to pass the Englishman's stern, both for the purpose of raking, had been promptly made, and, being skillfully met, had been given over in both instances. The two Captains at once resigned themselves to a yardarm-to-yardarm fight, and squared away.

The starboard bow of the Constitution began gradually to lap the Englishman's port quarter.

"Shall I open fire now, sir?" asked Fairford again, the men eagerly awaiting the reply.

"Not yet, sir."

The bow drew up opposite the gangway.

"Now, sir?" cried Fairford the third time.

"Not yet, sir," responded Hull imperturbably.

The Englishmen were firing rapidly, though with but little apparent effect. The Americans noticed that many of their shot were striking the stout sides of the Constitution and falling back into the water without penetrating or doing any damage. Hence, after that, the sailors—and, indeed, everybody else—called the ship "Old Ironsides."

The bow of the Constitution was now abreast of the foremast of the Englishman.

"Stand by!" exclaimed the Captain, at this moment stepping over to the starboard or engaged side of the deck.

Every gun captain took a last glimpse at the English ship. Their hands instinctively tightened on their glowing matches. Men stood in attitudes of tense expectation.

"*Fire! Let them have it, men! Pour it into them!*" shouted Hull, with all the force of his deep, powerful voice, bending himself almost double in eager emphasis as he delivered the commands.

He was wearing a very tight pair of white knee trousers, and history likes to tell that, as he gave this order, he split them from knee to waistband, and went through all the rest of the combat thus habited.

With a crash like thunder the twenty-seven heavy guns of the Constitution's starboard battery roared out in unison.

The two ships were now within half pistol-shot distance of each other, and the aim of the practiced Americans was absolutely perfect. Neglecting the upper works, every shot was driven home in the enemy.

Hull had fired with perfect calculation, choosing the downward roll of his ship as the opportune moment, and the heavy round shot from the grim twenty-four-pounders and the smashing carronades could be heard crushing through the sides, while the hail of grapeshot swept through the ports and laid out man after man. So sudden and awful was the effect of the broadside that for a moment the fire of the Englishman was completely suspended.

Three stout British cheers rang out bravely, however, and the enemy, recovering themselves, answered the broadside with spirit. But nothing could equal the swiftness and rapidity of the American fire. The stout seamen served and ran the guns in and out like toys; their hot muzzles were wreathed in sheets of flame; they were firing at an average of once every forty seconds, and the roar of the discharge was practically continuous. The crackle of the small arms of the topmen and marines produced a staccato note easily heard above the diapason of the cannonade and the wild screeching of the carronade slides, which added much to the confusion.

Here and there a man fell and lay groaning and unheeded in the mad excitement of the combat. For a long fifteen minutes the two ships, side by side, kept up the fierce battle, until the mizzenmast of the enemy, having been squarely pierced by a twenty-four-pound shot, broke short off and went over the starboard quarter with a crash plainly heard above the roar of the guns.

"Hurrah, lads!" shouted Hull gayly, his eye kindling; "we've made a brig of her."

"If she floats long enough," said one of the men audaciously, "we'll make her a sloop."

"Hull her! Hull her!" cried another, pointing to the Captain.

These samples of forecastle wit were greeted by roars of laughter and wild cheers from the men. The heavy spars of the mizzenmast, acting as a drag on the lee side of the Englishman, counteracted the helm, and now pulled her head slightly around, away from the wind. The Constitution, having drawn somewhat ahead, already shot clear of the smoke around the Guerrière, and the firing for the moment ceased. Men were working furiously with axes to cut away the wreckage which rendered the Englishman partially unmanageable. Manœuvring as he came clear of the smoke which the strong breeze carried swiftly to leeward, Hull saw his opportunity.

"Port the helm . . . lively!" he shouted. "Hands by the braces, there!"

The Constitution swept around gracefully. The wind struck her upon the starboard quarter; slowly she bore up; the starboard tacks were boarded, the bowlines tautened, and the sheets hauled aft. In a trice she was standing across the bows of the hapless Englishman, who received a broadside at close range square in the face. His ship was raked from stem to stern, and he could oppose no guns to those of his enemy. Luffing up into the wind to check her headway before she passed out of range, the Constitution repeated her raking broadside.

Through and through the length of the English ship swept the searching hail. The carnage and destruction were

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"The enemy has opened fire and killed two of our men"

frightful. But the Constitution was now almost in irons, and it became necessary to boxhaul to get back on the other tack. As she drew slowly ahead the head-yards were braced aback to box her off in order that she might cross the bows of the enemy once more, bringing the port broadside to bear for another raking.

At the critical moment of the manœuvre, some of the braces being carried away, the yards jammed, the ship gathered sternway, and her head slowly swung to port. At the same time the English ship, her wrecked mizzenmast having been cut away, forged ahead; her helm was ported, and she swung to starboard, in a last desperate effort to close and board.

Slowly her long bowsprit swept over the Constitution's quarter, and the two ships came together abaft the latter's mizzenmast with a mighty crash.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"HURRAH, LADS!" SHOUTED HULL GAYLY; "WE'VE MADE A BRIG OF HER."
"IF SHE FLOATS LONG ENOUGH," SAID ONE OF THE MEN AUDACIOUSLY, "WE'LL MAKE A SLOOP OF HER"

AT THE LION'S FEET

By WELTON COOLEY

THE boy in the tweed suit paused opposite to the Board of Trade Building and glanced up at the large bronze lion that stands upon a pedestal, twenty stories above the pavement, one of its fore feet resting upon the very edge of the cornice, the other slightly raised.

At first he gazed in idle curiosity, then suddenly he shaded his eyes with his hands and stared with intense interest. A moment later he hurried across the street and looked upward at the motionless figure. Then he retraced his steps excitedly and stood and gazed, and grew strangely cold and pale.

A short, stout man, with a Latin face and a French accent, wearing a Prince Albert and a silk hat, noticed the boy's agitation and spoke to him.

The boy pointed upward with a stubby and not very clean finger. The man came closer to his side, stooped a trifle and, closing one of his eyes, squinted along the finger as though glancing along the barrel of a gun.

What he saw caused him to turn his head from side to side, getting views from different angles, and finally, becoming greatly excited, to make a series of vehement gestures.

Attracted by the man's peculiar actions, a crowd began to gather and to stare. As each individual discovered the cause of the agitation he was at once visibly affected, becoming either feverish and demonstrative, or pale and dumb. One man, doubting his vision, hastened to an optician for a powerful field glass, which he proceeded nervously to adjust to his eyes. A moment's inspection threw him into a condition bordering upon collapse.

A woman, pausing out of curiosity, fainted when she saw the sight, and her removal to a near-by drug store added to the excitement.

Every window and doorway from which a view of the lion on the Board of Trade Building could be obtained was rapidly filled with pale and frightened faces. Scores of observers clambered to the roofs of adjacent buildings to get a closer view.

The army of sky-gazers quickly blockaded the thoroughfare. The street cars could not pass. Traffic came to a pause. Many of the faces were blanched and expressionless, others were flushed and excited; all were turned upward.

During all this confusion a man was quietly at work upon the roof of the building separated from the Board of Trade by only a narrow alley. He stood upon a sliding platform—suspended by means of ropes and pulleys from two large iron hooks fastened over the ridge of the gable above him.

The roofs of the two buildings were the same distance from the ground, the cornice of each being some twenty feet higher than the pedestal upon which the bronze lion rested.

So high was the man above the street that not the slightest sound from the crowd reached him, and he kept industriously at work, unmindful of the confusion below until he suddenly caught sight of the sea of faces staring upward, and apparently at him.

At first the gaze of these countless eyes caused an unpleasant chill to creep over him, but later he rather enjoyed the sensation—enjoyed what he thought was their amazement at his cool daring and absolute lack of fear.

Presently a window on the nineteenth floor of the Board of Trade Building was raised, and two men thrust out their heads and shoulders and stared upward at the pedestal and the lion.

To the crowd in the street they seemed to be engaged in an earnest, almost angry, argument. They made many gestures, frequently pointing upward; but those below could not catch their words. After a few moments they closed the window and withdrew from sight.

By this time one of the policemen was hurrying to a patrol box to send in an emergency call, when—the unexpected happened! The workman on the roof had discovered that the crowd was interested, not in him, but in the bronze lion.

His curiosity was aroused. Slowly lowering himself to the cornice of the building on which he was at work, he made his way carefully along the narrow edge to the corner.

When he reached it his glance fell upon the lion. He staggered and trembled like one struck by a bullet. He had not the courage to look again, but closed his eyes and tried to drive from his mind the picture of what he had seen—there at the lion's feet.

When he found his nerves had grown steady again he retraced his steps to the ladder. This he hurriedly unfastened from its tackle and raised until it stood on end upon the narrow edge of the great building.

As the crowd below, intently watching him now, divined his intention, a mighty cheer arose—then silence reigned.

Heedless of this demonstration, the man lowered the ladder until one end rested upon the cornice of the Board of Trade. The alley between the buildings was but twelve feet wide, and as the ladder was eighteen feet in length it was necessary for him to span the distance diagonally and at such an angle as to make the poles of the ladder rest unsteadily.

Then the eager and expectant watchers saw the man test the firmness of this improvised bridge with his foot. It wobbled frightfully, and those in the crowd who had glasses announced the fact to the others, who held their breath and grew nervous.

For a moment the man hesitated, and then, drawing himself to his full height, he started resolutely across the ladder, like a tiny spider walking from building to building on a single thread of its web. Those with the glasses saw with a shudder that the ladder careened from side to side, like a ship in a storm. But with his arms extended to balance himself, the man stepped from rung to rung, confidently but carefully—so carefully!

Below him, for four hundred feet, was nothing but thin air and then a pressed-brick pavement. But the man did not see the pavement, nor yet the white faces gazing up at him in awful silence; he saw only the end of the ladder, but a few feet distant, and he walked steadily forward.

And those below, with hushed breath, made never a sound, but watched, with straining nerves, that wee black speck move slowly across that treacherous bridge and safely stand at last on the roof of the Board of Trade Building.

Then the tension relaxed, and a cheer, long and loud, arose—a cheer which sounded faint and far off to the man on the roof, who quietly dragged the ladder after him, allowing it to slide along the edge of the cornice until he reached a point immediately above the pedestal upon which the lion stood. Then he lowered one end and, quickly descending, stood beside the gigantic metal figure.

He paused and removed his shoes, for there was tin beneath his feet and he dare not make the least noise for fear——

At this instant a woman appeared at a little square window on the twentieth story, the sill of which was scarcely a foot above the pedestal. Her face was marked with the lines of heart-breaking anxiety.

The crowd held its breath, and scarcely a murmur arose from the upturned faces as the man crept stealthily along the pedestal, close to the body of the animal, until he reached its massive head, while the woman at the window stood motionless and dumb, watching him with pallid face.

Then for an instant—an age it seemed to those below—he stood very still, casting his eyes upward, as though in prayer. Silently, slowly, he lowered himself to his knees, to his elbows, to his face, until he lay prone upon his breast on the narrow edge of the pedestal; then, with his left hand firmly clasping the uplifted paw of the lion, he let his right hand fall with a sudden and powerful grip upon something white and motionless which lay, like a thing that is dead, at the feet of the animal—something which gave a sudden, convulsive gasp, but could not move, so tightly did he hold it. In a moment more he stood erect, the little white bundle clasped close to his breast.

Then the man waved his hat to the cheering thousands, who grew wild with joyous excitement, for against his rough, brown face was pressed the soft, pink cheek of a little girl—a little girl in a white dress, who, wandering in her play, had passed through the open window, out upon the dizzy pedestal, and, stretching at length at the lion's feet, had fallen asleep and had slumbered peacefully far above the dust and the noise of the city, unmindful alike of the staring, excited crowd, and the silent River of Death, which glided so near—so very near.

And yet a moment longer lingered the crowd—lingered until they saw the man pass the little girl through the window and lay her in the arms of her mother, the wife of the janitor of the building, whose apartments contained the square window which opened out upon the pedestal.

But to this day the janitor's little daughter has never learned the name of the boy in the tweed suit.

CREOLE DAYS
NEW ORLEANS Fifty Years Ago
By Julia Truitt Bishop

FIFTY years ago New Orleans was still a French city. In spite of nearly half a century of American occupation, the American residents were compelled to learn the language of the city in order to transact ordinary business French manners and French customs dominated everything—manners and customs brought from France originally, and transplanted in San Domingo, Martinique or Louisiana

In this semitropical climate the French had lost something of their native vivacity, and had gained a gentleness and a courtly dignity which added greatly to their charm. The changed conditions had idealized them, and made them less self assertive. It was a wonderful state of affairs, such as did not exist, and would have been scarcely possible, in any other part of the United States or of the world

A people of great wealth and of noble lineage, and of the most perfect refinement, and yet of almost patriarchal simplicity; a proud and exclusive people, who had yet to teach the world the meaning of the word hospitality—these were the Creoles of New Orleans fifty years ago

The Creole fancy did not run to lofty architecture. In Rues Royale and Condé and Bourbon and Dumaine, and perhaps a few others, some of the old houses are still standing, tall, narrow edifices, with iron-latticed balconies at the upper doors and windows from wh[illegible] at Mardi Gras [illegible] at the side, but such houses as these were not [illegible] Tall houses meant stair-climbing, and that did [illegible] to the Creoles

■

Along all the streets were queer, low houses, with long sloping roofs that extended over the banquettes, dormer windows looking out of the roofs, perhaps, and indicating little upstairs bedrooms, with ceilings that were eccentric to the last degree. The blinds were solid panels of wood, and one seldom saw them opened; but if they were ajar, one caught astonishing glimpses of rare draperies and rich carpets, and pictures selected from the galleries of the Old World, and bronzes for which Europe had been ransacked. For these people were connoisseurs of art, and endowed with a discriminating admiration for the beautiful in all their surroundings

There was no door-yard in front in those days. The house stood flush with the *trottoir*, or sidewalk, but, whatever its architecture, there was always a court at the back, surrounded by high walls or by the sides of other houses. Clumps of bananas or tall palms were there, or great red urns, filled with growing plants; and this secluded little paved court was the place where the family lounged, or worked, or read, secure from observation and intrusion.

Those were the days of slavery, when many a householder among the Creoles of New Orleans had a vast crowd of dependents, who descended upon him at Christmas sure of finding a Christmas present for every one of their number.

There was a peculiar bond of sympathy between the Creole and his slaves, a kindness on the one side and a loyalty of affection on the other not often found in other slave districts. Frequently the owner of a town house found his place overcrowded with negroes for whom he could not possibly find work, yet he would not sell them—he would as soon have thought of selling his own children; and so he took care of them, and they divided the work among themselves, making laudable efforts to seem busy while ten or twelve were doing the work that one could have performed very comfortably

The elders dawdled through the light round of household duties, and there was always a contingent of young ones who made it their business to wait on "ole Miss," or Miss Cecile, or Marie, or Clotilde, the dark-eyed beauties of that old time. Alert little negroes, in all the glory of new checks, fanned the flies off "ole Miss" while she slept, or changed Miss Cecile's pretty boots for neat little slippers, or handed her a book from a table a yard away, or brought her the glass of orange water.

Miss Cecile had her own maid, who dressed her and combed her pretty hair, who attended to all the work of packing her trunks, and of unpacking them, who looked after her room, and followed her about the house to see that she did not lift a finger, or have an ungratified wish. An idle, voluptuous life, perhaps, but what would you have? The slaves were there, money was plentiful, and it was all going to last forever. What else could she do but live like the lilies of the field, for whom toiling and spinning were neither necessary nor possible?

And they kept unchanged the faith of their fathers, in the unapproachableness of young womanhood. The entire family was in the parlor when the daughter received gentlemen visitors; and she was never left for a moment unchaperoned Even when her *fiancé* came, the father and mother were there. If he would whisper a word to the object of his affections, it must be when she went to the piano, for instance, and when the elders were busily engaged in talking

The gentle word or two spoken under cover of the music and the conversation was the nearest approach to love making which even the most ardent lover could make. If he had dared suggest a drive with her alone, what would have been the result, I wonder! No doubt the doors of the house would have been closed to him henceforth, for it would have been considered that he had insulted the family in the most grievous way But certain it is that he made no suggestion Instead of resenting these restrictions, he had been trained to think them nothing more than indications of the respect which was the due of the woman whom he would make his wife; and so he contented himself with the whispered words which he had with her sometimes.

Money was plentiful, and a large proportion of the Creoles sent their young sons and daughters to Paris to finish their education, thus strengthening still more the French tendencies of the city. Young men came home with professions acquired in the best schools of Europe, and the wit and learning of the wittiest and most learned European capital were brought back to the Creole homes of Louisiana

In the fêtes and receptions and masked balls of that time it was not the younger generation alone which was in evidence. Courtly gentlemen with whitened locks, and grand mothers who were beautiful still, in spite of their years, were present in perhaps greater numbers than the younger set, and they delighted in the dances and the promenades as much as the youngest there

There was no setting aside of the married as out of society. It was noticeable, too, that whatever those elders did, they did well What wit and laughter went round in those old days when people knew how to talk, when bright and sparkling conversation formed the *raison d'être* of almost every social gathering, and the dancing and feasting were merely secondary!

■

A wide acquaintance with literature came naturally in leisurely age; but Creole mothers had a habit of carefully selecting the books which their children were to read, and the children had a habit, also, of abiding by this decision. It may be supposed that French authors played little part in the early reading mapped out for the olive branches, and it is part of the irony of fate that two gentlemen of an antagonistic country should have furnished the books which were placed in the hands of the young with the most perfect confidence, and were read by them with the greatest pleasure

The works of Dickens and Scott, in translations, could always be depended upon, while Dumas and Paul de Kock, and others of that ilk, were best under lock and key, where they could tempt no one. Besides these, there was great store, at that time, of a style of books warranted to be harmless and to bring no untimely blush to the cheek of the Young Miss

And there were also the daily papers, the Picayune and the Delta, which represented American citizenship, and the Courier and the Bee, printed in both French and English, with other minor publications, it may be. But the papers, too, belonged to the leisurely old city

The Picayune announced gravely every day, at the head of its news columns, that it had "all the latest news forty eight hours ahead of the mails," and when it had obtained New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore papers that were only eight days old, it made announcement of the fact with a special jubilation, and copied copiously from their columns

■

For the rest, there was the church with her services the midnight mass at certain seasons, or the early morning mass, or the solemn high mass, which one attended in the Cathedral, if possible—the homely old Cathedral, where warriors, returning from battle victorious, had knelt to give humble thanks, and where generations of the loved and lost had been baptized in infancy, and married in after years, and from which they had been borne to their last sleep.

And, more than all, there was the opera. New Orleans was a city where the best musical taste and the finest skill were combined. Under these circumstances, it [illegible] that music should be the passion of the people instead of their pastime, and that they should often go to the opera house at six in the evening, and sit listening to music until midnight was striking on the old Cathedral bell—for it would have been considered sacrilege to "cut" the sublime works of Meyerbeer and Rossini and Mozart

The plain old opera house on Orleans Street, back of the Cathedral! What brilliant throngs has it not received between those massive brown columns and through the great hallway! Then every family with any claims on society or culture had a box, and every night the boxes were like banks of flowers, with their array of stately *grande dames* and lovely *demoiselles*

Even if one were in mourning, which so often occurred among the Creole families, there were always the latticed boxes, where one might see and hear without being seen

When the "grinding season" was over at the plantations, then a new element was added to the society of the city. Then the planter came down with his family to spend two or three months. Perhaps they had relatives in the city, and the great houses would be crowded with the bright, merry, fun-loving visitors from the country, but if not, then the planter and his family had a suite of rooms at the St Charles—the old St Charles, a name embalmed in memories—and they were part and parcel of the brilliant society events, of the fêtes and merry makings, of the Mardi Gras, and all the brief and happy times

At home, the planter had lived the life of a patriarch among his slaves, and had kept an open house, where the chance visitor was a welcome guest, and the visit which had been intended for an hour or more was often lengthened into days. From such a life he brought a native simplicity, a gentleness and unobtrusiveness of manner, a singular kindness and courtesy, an ability to enjoy life. And so the Creoles from the plantations came down and made merry with the Creoles of the city. It was like a story from the Arabian Nights, where the humblest magician had but to wave his wand and everything came to pass.

A STREET IN THE CREOLE QUARTER OF OLD NEW ORLEANS

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That 'are Making HISTORY

Masters of Millions and What They Can Buy

Money, Paul, can do anything," said the elder Dombey to the little Dombey. Some of our modern critics declare that Dickens wrote more wrong things than any writer who attempted to do good in this world, but they forget that in each case he illustrated some form or sentiment of life. And Dombey, declaring the omnipotence of wealth, simply proclaimed what most people believed then—what many of them believe to day

There are things infinitely more valuable than money—questions of conduct, belief and existence—and we are all prone to declare that the simple life is best; but after all is said and done, the bald, grim fact remains that the largest single interest in this world is money

The man with a dollar knows that he holds the world in his possession to the extent of one hundred cents, and when this dollar is multiplied to millions the idea of power expands with the cash. Even those who count least on wealth, including especially some who control great fortunes and who affect to despise them, admit the potentiality of riches. Money cannot do everything, but it certainly can do most of the things that make for creature comforts and the practical achievements of this life.

One of the sanest of American writers was James Russell Lowell, and in his lecture on American Democracy he said "Wealth may be an excellent thing, for it means power, it means leisure, it means liberty." So in setting a very high estimate upon wealth and upon what it can do we are more apt to represent what we really think than if we were to decry riches and criticise the owners of them

In the year 1890 the wealth of the United States, according to the eleventh census, was $65,037,091,197. Mr. J. K Upton, who was the special agent having these figures in charge, estimated that the increase in the ten years had been forty-nine per cent. In the decade which will soon close it is fair to assume that the increase has not been less than from 1880 to 1890, so that it ought to be safe to [illegible] close the nineteenth century with the [illegible] of about $100,000,000,000. Considering that in 1800 we had somewhat less than one or two billion dollars, it can be seen that there have been rather liberal opportunities for making and accumulating money. We thus have one hundred thousand millions of wealth, and if it were owned by one hundred thousand people there would be in this country one hundred thousand millionaires

Of course there are not that many. It is really impossible to say just how many there are [illegible] knows—not even the millionaires' friends, the tax assessors

The Rapid Growth of Great Fortunes

There was a time in the history of our country when it was said that there were "only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt sleeves"—that the fortunes made by the genius of the family would soon be wrecked by those to whom it was willed, but while there will always be plentiful instances of constructive parents and destructive sons, it is plain that the great modern fortunes are practically indestructible. Their very bulk protects them from annihilation

The recent death of Cornelius Vanderbilt has started anew the discussion of the whole question of huge wealth. It is a story that belongs peculiarly to the nineteenth century. "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt established a sailboat ferry from Staten Island to the Battery in New York, and the making of the fortune began. From sailboats his enterprises developed to steamboats until he was the most prominent owner of them in the country. He made money rapidly, and forty years ago was reputed to be worth $20,000,000. Then he sold his steamboats and began his railroad history. He bought the Harlem Railroad stock at three dollars a share, and secured franchises which increased it to $75. The Common Council and those behind it laid their plans to ruin him by selling and then repealing the franchise. They went into the market to buy cheap, but Vanderbilt held everything in his hands, so that the stock soared as high as $170, to the ruin of all his enemies and to his own brilliant enrichment. Then Commodore Vanderbilt bought up other railroads, and in five years he made $25,000,000, so that when he died, in 1877, he left $90,000,000 to his son, William H. Vanderbilt, and $15,000,000 to his other heirs

William H. Vanderbilt continued the money-making of his father, and when he died in 1885 he left $200,000,000 Of this, his son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, who died on the twelfth of September, 1899, received about $80,000,000, and in the fourteen years between his father's death and his own this fortune about doubled. It was said on evident authority that his living expenses were not above $100,000 a year, and that he gave as much as $500,000 a year to charity; but counting all he spent upon himself and family, and all his benefactions, he got rid of only a small part of his income. The fortune, like a great ball, went on growing in size as it rolled. Counting all the Vanderbilt fortunes, there is a total of probably $300,000,000, that began with the little sailboat ferry which charged eighteen cents a trip from Staten Island to New York.

It cannot be said that Cornelius Vanderbilt did much to increase his wealth. It was simply a case of an enormous fortune growing on its earnings. To illustrate this, we might cite the fact that in three years the enhanced value of the eight railroad systems in which the Vanderbilts were dominant reached the enormous total of $173,497,000—that is to say, the increase in prices of their stocks amounted to those stupendous figures, and in them the bonds—which also advanced—are not included. So vast has the fortune become that it seems impossible that even when divided among the heirs it will ever do anything but keep on increasing, just as in the other Vanderbilt case, where the two brothers, Cornelius and William K Vanderbilt [illegible] their sixty to eighty millions, which have doubled within the fourteen years

The New Type of American Millionaire

In our later developments we are getting a choice variety of American types, and one of the most interesting in the lot is the millionaire. In the first generation he is the bustling, jostling, hustling pioneer who does great things, who has more energy than culture, and who thinks more of dividends than of clothes. But in the second and third generations we find him toned down, sleeked up, better dressed,

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT

milder mannered, and more responsive to the social amenities of life. Such was the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. He was a man of exemplary habits, of the utmost probity, and almost Puritanically correct in his personal habits and disposition. He served as a bank clerk, and saved money out of his small salary. He kept an accurate account of all his expenditures even to the penny. He was a diligent church member, a patron of charities, a giver to institutions, and a helper of the unfortunate. He worked harder than the average man, and his life passed smoothly in business ruts. He had the respect of every one, and yet there was practically nothing that he did which stamped him as a man of any great ability or which will enable him to be remembered by his fellow countrymen. "His going will cause sore hearts in his intimate circle," said one, "but to the remainder of mankind his name implies nothing save a gigantic heap of money"

This is the pathetic part of the millionaire's life. It takes superior talent to do big things, even when the means are at hand, and while Mr. Vanderbilt may have desired to make the best use of his wealth, he may also have lacked the ability by which he might have done it. Indeed, the modern millionaires have about all the personal problems that they can attend to. They seem to be swallowed up by the very abundance of their money. If they go on working they increase their troubles, and if they stop work and announce their desire to benefit the world they soon cry for mercy, like Mr. Carnegie, who has informed his many thousands of eager correspondents that he has on hand all the contracts for doing good that he and his millions can undertake.

The Sons of Our Millionaires

According to "Poor Richard's Almanack," "Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it." It is interesting to notice in these end-of-the-century days that the development of the millionaire, especially in the second and third generations, has carried him beyond ostentatious simplicity. The millionaire of the present is generally a man who enjoys life. He builds palaces, has a private yacht and a private [illegible]r, entertains lavishly, and gets about all of the fun there is out of the various recreations

In this, as in other things, the old ideas are entirely upset, but that is so general that it need hardly cause remark. For instance, it has been a saying for many years that the worst boys in every town were preachers' sons, and all sorts of disasters were predicted for them. And yet there is not a learned profession or an important enterprise or any great department of the world's work in which preachers' sons are not leaders. So the old prediction of the sons of millionaires has likewise been overturned. *Noblesse oblige* seems to have had a good effect upon them, and the young millionaires of the day are a remarkably well behaved lot Most of them have been graduated creditably from leading universities many of them have gone into business or have taken the usual course in workshops and factories. One of the young Vanderbilts, who will be among the richest men in the world, is employed in the shops of the New York Central Railroad. The publisher of the richest newspaper in the South had a hard training in business, and took his chances with those around him, doing his work so well as to earn their admiration and friendship In this way many of the millionaires are really making themselves popular by showing that their millions have not ruined them, and that they recognize a higher duty in life than the mere spending of money or the handling of dividends. Of course, there are exceptions, just as there are among the daughters, some of whom buy foreign titles, but as a rule the young millionaires are good citizens

The Great Uses for Large Fortunes

"[illegible]p pace with wealth always," declared Timothy T.rom[illegible] This is another saying which modern conditions have upset. Of course there are wants which millions cannot buy—Mr. Vanderbilt was unable to buy strength and health, which he so diligently sought—but as far as the real needs of life are concerned, the growth of wealth is far beyond ordinary wants. Still, in a larger measure it is true that the "wants keep pace with wealth"

We are just beginning to appreciate how greatly the country needs larger institutions, how acutely the charities of the land need reorganization and improvement, and how general is the need of better architecture, better roads and better methods of transportation. For the education of the land the millionaire is especially useful. It is a good way for him to spend his millions, for by putting up buildings, or libraries, or memorial halls he can get the worth of his money, not only in the accomplishment of the purpose sought and the pure usefulness of the beneficence, but in the amount of personal fame which his generosity purchases.

Mr. Rockefeller, who is usually mentioned as the richest man in the world, and whose vast wealth is increasing every day, seems to be on the lookout for Baptist colleges that require assistance, and in this way manages to get rid of a few of his surplus millions. Mr Carnegie is at present enjoying a corner on public libraries, and there are several rich people who are opening their purse strings for the betterment of the educational and literary facilities of the country In California, Mrs Stanford has given more than ten millions to the university which bears the name of her son, and Mrs. Hearst is now spending between seven and eight millions on new buildings for the University of California. One of the excellent things about Mrs Hearst's gifts is that for the first time in the country's history there has been a notably fair and impartial competition in the architectural designs. Three of the leading architects of Europe were called over to act as a jury, and their verdict has given great satisfaction. It is to be hoped that this precedent will be followed in other parts of the land, so that henceforth the architecture of our colleges and universities will be the best

More Millions to be Made in the Future

Every day we hear people saying that the vast combinations of wealth are freezing out the individual, and that a man has not the chance for money-making that he once had Let us look back a little! At the beginning of the century the largest fortune in the United States was considerably under half a million dollars. Twenty years ago a fortune of $50,000,000 seemed to be almost touching the limit; and yet here we are talking about $200,000,000 in the name of one [illegible]on, and there does not seem to be so much alarm about it as over the lesser sum in the days gone by. Without parading a lot of figures and estimates, it may be fairly said that more new men have become millionaires since 1890 than in any other ten years of the nation's history. So it will probably go on. Fortunes will grow larger, and there will be more wealth and more opportunities

The Inevitable Limitations of Money

If you will get your Dickens and follow the story after Mr Dombey tells Paul that money can do anything you will read.

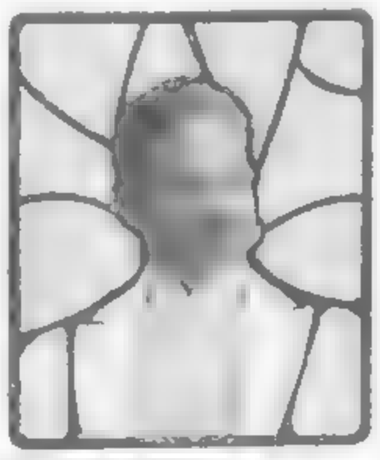
> "He took hold of the little hand and beat it softly against one of his own as he said so
>
> "But Paul got his hand free as soon as he could; and rubbing it gently to and fro on the elbow of his chair, as if his wit were the palm, and he were sharpening it, repeated after a short pause
>
> Anything, papa?'
>
> Yes. Anything -almost,' said Mr. Dombey."

And, of course, that little hand weighed more than all the millions. "Anything—almost"—that is what money will do, and there is a good deal in the almost.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

When Dady's Spanish Failed Him

Michael J. Dady, the New York politician, whose twelve million dollar Havana contract has given him an almost national name, is a good specimen of the self made American In the early seventies he was a bricklayer and marble setter. During season when business was dull he secured employment in his trade on the New York post office, then building under the superintendence of General William G Steinmetz. Dady noted that there were many small contracts obtained by ignorant outsiders, which yielded their owners considerable profit, and he wisely reasoned that the profit would be much larger if the contractor were a master of the trade involved He thereupon became a contractor



MICHAEL J. DADY

He is to-day a very rich man, and is still in the prime of life. As soon as he found himself getting ahead he realized the insufficiency of his early education and devoted all his spare time to self training. He studied and mastered parliamentary and municipal law, took a course in literature and history, traveled whenever he could find the leisure, and in 1898 made a successful *début* as a lecturer

He tells an amusing story of his experience with the Spanish officials of Havana. When he applied for a contract he was received with extreme courtesy, but informed that nothing could or would be done until the engineers had surveyed and reported upon the matter.

Dady replied that he had realized this necessity, and under his commission the engineers had made the survey and report which he had the honor of submitting. The official thanked him for having saved them much anxiety and hard work, but it was imperative to obtain a report from the financial branch of the Government The American answered that he had foreseen this difficulty, and through the courtesy of the office had secured the desired report, which was then in the hands of the [illegible] The official expressed his appreciation of such consideration and provided for by his shrewd visitor. The hidalgo, when the last objection had been brushed aside looked at Dady with open wonder, remarking

Señor, had you drawn and signed the contracts you would have saved me the trouble of giving the matter any thought

"I would have done that, too, but I don't write Spanish well enough," said Dady

How Dewey Impressed the Oxonian

Every graduating class at Annapolis leaves behind it the fame of certain heroes in the line of physical prowess or mental endeavor One of these heroes was George Dewey a fine, manly, athletic youth, the pride of the boxing and fencing masters, and the terror of all bullies

In Dewey's class was a youth of an excellent bent for applied mathematics, but so tender of physique that he often suffered from the rough horse play of his elders. Dewey took this boy under his protection and the two became fast friends They swung their hammocks in the same watch on their graduating cruise, and when the ship touched at Liverpool obtained permission to run up to London on a day's leave. By rigid economy the two had scraped together a little more than two pounds apiece, and they landed in the English capital, arrayed in spick and span new uniforms, with the air of financial magnates A round of sight-seeing had reduced their combined capital to two sovereigns and their return tickets, when their boyish appetites announced the hour of noon

MRS. ADA BROWN TALBOT

With the cautious economy of his ancestors, the Scot suggested a chop-house, but, then as now, nothing but the best would suit Dewey, and he accordingly steered his chum into the finest hotel he could find

The two seated themselves at one of the tables and scanned the menu with a magnificent air. The very first item that caught their eyes was "Strawberries and Cream," and this, with its reminiscence of home, they proceeded to order.

Now, the time was winter, and strawberries from the hothouse are expensive in London, so it was small wonder that the other guests who had heard the order looked inquiringly at these specimens of the *Jeunesse Dorée* of the American Navy. An Oxford lad who sat next them seemed particularly impressed, and turned his large eyes upon them in awe. The strawberries were good, and all went well until the obsequious waiter returned with a bill for one pound The Scotchman nearly collapsed, but Dewey noticed the eyes of the Oxonian upon him, and, turning superbly to the waiter, ordered two more plates

The middies left with empty pockets, but haughtily conscious that they had saved the honor of the American Navy

New Jersey's Richest Citizen

John I. Blair, the millionaire railroad king of New Jersey who recently celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday anniversary, began as a clerk in his uncle's store. Before he was twenty one he had a store of his own. He was one of the first men in the country to start "bargains." Molasses was a favorite commodity with the farmers. Mr. Blair drove several of his competitors out of business by selling molasses at cost and making his profit in other directions

During the life of Moses Taylor it was Mr. Blair's custom to lunch with him and with Samuel Sloan, at the old Merchants' Hotel, in Cortlandt Street New York. Around their corner table these three railroad kings spent many pleasant hours, and Mr Blair's conversation was not the least of the attractions. One day Mr. Taylor made a wager with Mr. Sloan that if Mr. Blair were once started talking his luncheon might be served to him wrong end first and he would never be the wiser. The waiter brought Mr. Blair his pie as a first course and ended by serving soup Mr. Blair ate sparingly, as usual, but without comment and with great relish

In his earlier days Mr Blair owned a railroad out West. At a certain station along the line of this railroad he leased the dining room privileges It was stipulated that employees of the road should be charged fifty cents a meal and passengers seventy five cents. The first time Mr Blair dined there he laid down half a dollar and started for the train

"Hold on!" shouted the cashier "You don't belong to this road"

"I know it," called back the President as he boarded the car; "this road belongs to me"

Mrs. Talbot Discovers a New Club

Mrs Ada Brown Talbot, of New York editor of The Clubwoman, says that the most extraordinary club she ever ran across is conducted by a very demure and dignified little woman of seven, the daughter of a club President. The editor called one day and was welcomed by her little friend with open arms

"At last I've got a chair," she said

"I am very glad, my dear," said the editor "I hope it is comfortable and pretty"

"Oh it is not for me; it is for my club"

"I didn't know you had a club."

"Of course I have; just like mamma. My dolly is President, and I got the chair for her You see," she explained in a whisper, "there's only dollies in it, and the dolly that makes the most noise is President, just like mamma's club That's my dolly. She talks when you push her back. I broked the spring, and now she talks till she is runned down. So she's President Don't you think that's nice?"

And Mrs. Talbot said she did

General Hahn's Honest Admirer

One of the leading lawyers of the Northwest is William John Hahn, of Minneapolis, for many years Attorney-General of Minnesota. In his younger days Mr. Hahn was as good an amateur actor as he is a lawyer, which is very high praise. He was the leading man in a company headed by Mayor James Richardson, now of Connecticut, and the Honorable Mat Stroup, now of Aberdeen, North Dakota

It was twenty years ago that this locally famous aggregation gave an English drama Mr Hahn played the part of an idle vagabond—the ne'er-do well son of a 'Squire, who had through evil associates been accused of a crime. The last act was a court scene in which the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Mayor Richardson was the Judge and Mr. Stroup counsel for the defense. The house was crowded, and, as was usual, the near-by country had sent in a fair delegation of farmers and their families. The lawyer made a stirring plea for mercy, which visibly excited the audience

"A good lad, your honor," he pleaded "and honest, too [illegible] a friend of his neighbors, [illegible]

A Glasgow town farmer, carried away by the realism of the scene, had risen

"Sure!" he called out, "and you don't want to forget, Mat Stroup, that Johnny Hahn never [illegible] a poor man a dollar, and he never lost a case in his life He ain't guilty no more than I am!"

"Order in the court!" cried the Judge with admirable presence of mind, and while the farmer's friends restored [illegible]ce, sentence was pronounced and the curtain fell

But it was not a unanimous verdict, by any means

The Diplomacy of Maître Demange

Maître Demange, the associate of Labori in the defense of Dreyfus, is of middle age, and of dignified and scholarly appearance He has long been one of the most popular members of the Paris bar, where he has done much to aid the younger members of the profession Beneath his good nature is a tactfulness worthy of Talleyrand It is said that on one occasion when he was retained to defend a criminal before a notoriously severe Judge, he prepared himself by studying and making notes of every case in which that magistrate had been engaged as a lawyer or as Judge When the trial came off he astonished the court attendants and pleased its presiding officer by interminable quotations from the magistrate's speeches and opinions, which he had committed to memory. The Judge was so delighted with this subtle flattery that the clever advocate had no trouble in winning the case

JOHN I. BLAIR

Maître Demange understands the French nature and can, when the occasion demands, be so dramatic as to arouse the suspicion that he has been coached for his part by a teacher of acting Once, in defending a man charged with murder, he acted his theory of the defense with such power that several women in the court room fainted, and when he closed he received a storm of applause in which the court officers themselves joined

Maître Demange in private life is notable for literary and even scholarly tastes He has a fine library and is extremely well read in history, belles lettres and science He belongs to the progressive school of French jurists, of which Desjardins is the chief spokesman. This school would add to the code of French procedure many features corresponding to those which prevail in American courts Demange has summarized his views on the topic very neatly in the following remark: "The law affords every conceivable protection to a five franc thief, it should be equally zealous of a man's liberty and his life"

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

No Need of Counsel.—Ex Governor Frank S. Black, of New York, is a staunch believer in State parks, and while in office he did much to aid legislation in that regard On one occasion he said to a number of prominent men at Albany: "What we need now is to have a counsel for the Forest Commission"

"A counsel?" inquired a country member. "What has the forest been committing that it should need a counsel?"

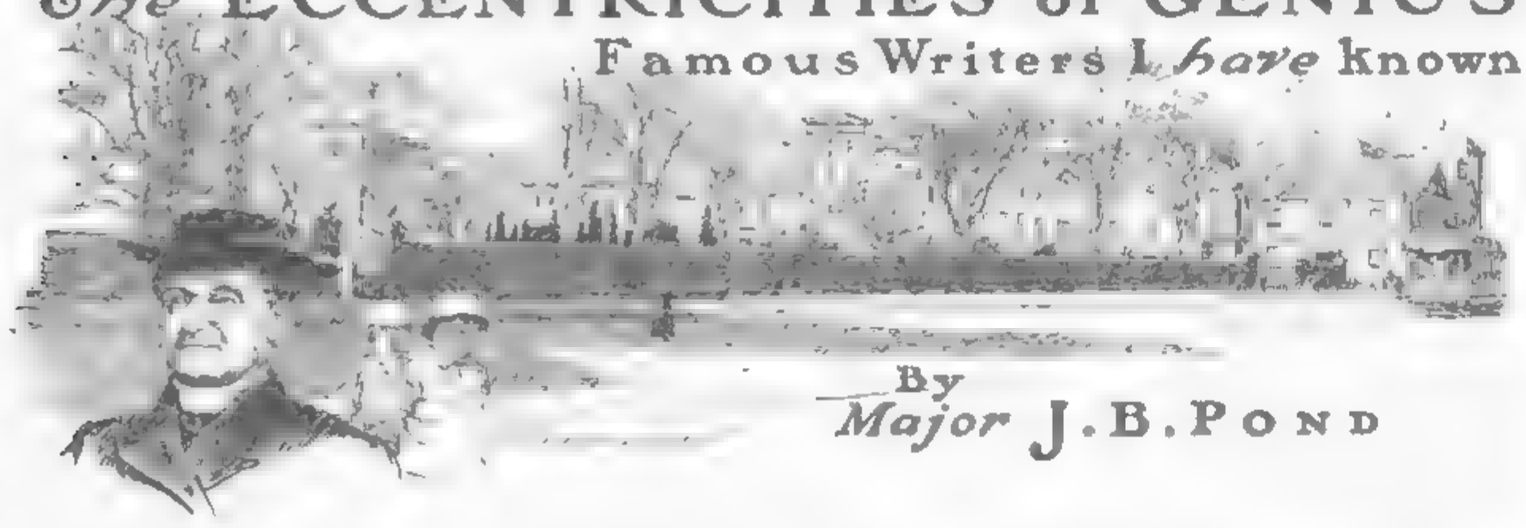
A Royal Cricket Player.—Although the mastery of the noble game of cricket is supposed to be confined to the English speaking races, every now and then a foreigner comes forward into the champions' ranks. In the eighties the Rajah of Johore distinguished himself in this sport. His glory has been eclipsed, however, by that of a new star in the cricket firmament, in the form of Prince Ranjitsinhji, of Nawanagar [illegible]arat, in the Bombay Presidency, who is making a tour of this country, in which he, with the British eleven, will meet all comers. The Prince is young, handsome, well built and athletic, looking more like a Cuban than a Hindu He speaks English faultlessly, and is popular in British society

Another Reason for His Dislike.—Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, of Washington, D. C., is a very eloquent speaker as well as an able theologian. On one occasion she occupied a pulpit temporarily, and had in the congregation a clergyman who was strongly opposed to women divines. At the end of the service, which he had seemed to enjoy, he was asked if he had changed his opinions. He replied slowly:

"Not to a great extent. Before I heard her I thought women were incapable of filling a pulpit acceptably; now, however, I believe that they are too capable altogether for the good of us incumbents"

The ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS

Famous Writers I *have* known



By *Major* J. B. POND

IN 1886, while traveling in England with Mr Beecher, I met Mr. Henry M. Stanley's agent. Stanley had just returned from Africa, having established the Congo Free State, and having been its Governor for two years. I asked Mr. Beecher what he thought of Stanley for a lecture tour in America

His reply was: "Get Stanley if you can. He is clean. He has done great work. He not only found Living[illegible] but he has found the source of the Congo, and is the d[illegible]rer of a continent."

The following day I called on Stanley at his rooms in Bond Street. I had not seen him since he was connected with the Omaha Herald in 1865-6. After a cordial greeting I said

"Well, Mr. Stanley, don't you want to lecture again in America?"

"I tried lecturing in America and it was a great failure," he replied. "I am afraid lecturing would not pay."

"Good lecturers make money in America yet," I said.

"But I am not a good lecturer, Mr. Pond."

"Very well, I will risk offering you $100 a night for fifty or one hundred lectures if you will go to America"

His reply was: "I will think about it; where is your address? I am very busy with a committee that is to meet here in a few moments."

I gave him my address and left him with his committee.

A LECTURE TOUR INTERRUPTED BY A KING

The next morning I received a letter from him accepting my proposition for one hundred lectures in America, on condition that in case he was ordered by the King of the Belgians to return to Africa he must leave without let or hindrance

Stanley came in October, 1886, and made his first appearance in Chickering Hall to a fair audience In Brooklyn he had a still larger audience I was unable to get my price for him, so I took the risk of speculating. I hired a hall in Hartford, Connecticut, and with four days' advertising four [illegible] real every seat was sold In Hartford he was entertained by Mark Twain, and the next day Mark accompanied us to Boston and introduced Stanley to an audience which completely filled Tremont Temple. I saw that I had a fortune in my star

I sent a man in my place with Stanley to fill some New England engagements, returned to my office in New York and commenced telegraphing for open time in the different theatres and halls throughout the country. On the evening of Stanley's eleventh engagement, at Northampton, Massachusetts, I received a telegram from him saying that he must sail on the first steamer, as he had been ordered by the King of the Belgians to go to the relief of Emin Pasha. It came rather hard, as I was already counting on a fortune for the season. I assisted Stanley in his departure for Europe, he promising if he ever came back he would fill the remainder of the contract Three years later he returned. I met him in London

HENRY M STANLEY'S SUCCESS AS A LECTURER

He said to me "Major Pond, my book is not finished. I am very busy. I cannot tell you much about lecturing I owe you eighty-nine lectures. I need not tell you the fabulous sums that have been offered me to lecture in America, but I shall show you two or three letters, except the signatures"

In the first letter I recognized the handwriting of Henry E. Abbey, who offered him $2000 a night to lecture in America

Editor's Note This is the fourth and last paper in the series, The Eccentricities of Genius, by Major Pond.

Stanley continued. "Major Pond, send me a letter telling me what you want me to do. Come down Sunday morning, take a little breakfast, and I will introduce you to the future Mrs. Stanley, and we will sign the papers." I left Stanley's apartments many pounds lighter than when I went in.

My proposition to Stanley was that I pay him $2500 for his first appearance in New York, and $1000 for other lectures

He came in November, 1890, and delivered 110 lectures in America, the gross receipts averaging $2780 a lecture—the greatest success in the annals of the lyceum. I furnished a private car, and we traveled in nearly every State and across the continent to California.

MR. STANLEY'S KINDNESS TO YOUNG PEOPLE

Henry M. Stanley was never fond of company. He appreciates friends, and those who know him intimately are very fond of him. He is generally cautious and sparing of words, especially when strangers are about. Receptions and dinners worry him, as he cannot endure being on exhibition under showers of forced compliments. His manners and habits are those of a gentleman.

He shows great fondness for children, especially young lads, who often approach him for his autograph. He will enter into conversation with them, and question them as to their purpose in life, and advise them as to the importance of honesty and character as essential to success, generally concluding with some incident in his experience that is sure to make a lasting impression.

"Oh, Bulle-me-tal-ie, you must come and have a ride and breathe the most delicious air under heaven"

In our private car, where we lived three months, were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Tennant (Mrs. Stanley's mother), Mrs. Pond, her sister, and often some visiting friends. Stanley would entertain us night after night with incidents of his wonderful experience that would make a far more interesting book than he has yet written His best sayings have [illegible]

Mrs. Stanley is a brilliant conversationalist, and has the happy faculty of bringing him out on all his most interesting points

Stanley is one of the best-read men I have ever met. He is familiar with the histories of all civilized and uncivilized peoples. As a journalist he was appreciated by reporters and interviewers more highly than any man I ever knew, except Mr. Beecher. Never did he refuse to see a representative of the press who sent up his card. If busy he would say: "Please make my compliments to the gentleman, and say that as soon as I am disengaged I will be pleased to see him"

WHY THE EXPLORER DECLINED A SLEIGH-RIDE

Stanley is one of the most conscientious men I ever knew. In Boston, after we had been about a week on the tour, the weather was fine and there was beautiful sleighing. Mrs Stanley and the ladies of our party had come in from a delightful ride which some friends had tendered. They all looked so rosy and fresh and beaming with delight that we agreed then and there that Mr. Stanley really should lay aside his writing and take a ride, too, behind that spanking four horse team, and hear the jingle of the sleigh bells.

I said, "He must come and enjoy it"

Mrs. Stanley said, "Let's you and I go fetch him."

We rushed up to his room. He was working on his lecture, making some changes. Mrs. Stanley, cheeks like roses, and charged with oxygen of the outdoor atmosphere, threw one of her fur clad arms about his neck, saying.

"Oh, Bulle me tal ie" (the name he is known by in Africa), "you must come and have a ride and breathe the most delicious air under heaven Do come. It will do you good and help you for to-night."

After submitting to Mrs. Stanley's hugs and caresses and pleadings a moment, he rose from his seat and said to me:

"Major Pond, you are paying me a fabulous sum for my nightly services. Now it is my duty to do the best I can. If you say you are satisfied with my work as it now is, I will stop and go for a drive

I could not answer his argument and he did not take the sleigh-ride. From the start until the finish, 110 lectures, Stanley showed signs of steady improvement. He was good at the start, but shortly became a fine speaker, and then a better speaker, and before he had finished he was the best descriptive speaker I ever heard. He had overcome difficulties that would discourage any other man. As Casati wrote of him—Casati, ten years with Emin Pasha in Africa. "Jealous of his own authority, Stanley will not tolerate interference. Neither will he take the advice of any one. Difficulties do not discourage him, neither does failure frighten him, as with extraordinary celerity of perception he finds his way out of every embarrassment."

MARION CRAWFORD AS HIS FRIENDS KNOW HIM

F. Marion Crawford is a man I love very much. I have the honor to call him friend. Had this popular author adopted a career of politics rather than the vocation of letters he would have secured for himself a position in the councils of the Republic almost equal in influence to that which he occupies as a writer of healthy and invigorating novels

Fortunate in possessing a commanding presence, he has added to this an uninterrupted flow of choice and vivid language, natural gestures which emphasize his magnificent word pictures and carry conviction to those who listen to his appeals to manliness and universal tolerance.

A man who has at all times spoken his mind on religious subjects, with pride of strong conviction unmixed with defiance, the lecturer handles his subject in a manner that is at once captivating, judicious and wisely moderate. He breathes the very spirit of his novels—the spirit of human brotherhood, the spirit of hatred of all things petty and mean.

F. Marion Crawford carries his own stationery and pen and ink, and never writes with any other. He uses a coarse pen, and has written every word of every novel with the same penholder. He shaves himself, carries his own shaving kit and small mirror, which he hooks on his window [illegible]

The first thing when entering his room at a hotel he arranges his writing materials, always in the same manner The table is placed so that the light will fall from his left He sits with his side to the table, his right arm resting on it, and the paper parallel with its length. He writes a very fine hand, and very rapidly, punctuating as he goes along. When a page is finished it is finished, and a work of art.

THE MILITARY EXACTNESS OF THE AUTHOR'S HABITS

He arranges his bath and toilet articles, also, in a uniform way invariably. He never patronizes a local laundry. He has two leather trunks, made to order, that hold two dozen shirts; when one trunkful of shirts has been used he sends them to New York to be laundered, and the other trunk of fresh shirts arrives by express in time for his need.

The novelist carries a hand valise that he had made to order, with very long handles, so as barely to clear the pavement when walking. This enables him to get through a crowd without annoying others with his valise, for it is never in the way. His silver monogram is on every article of his toilet and writing equipment, and his traveling-bags.

He is warm-blooded, wants his room at a temperature of sixty degrees, and so has it. He is very kind and polite to servants, and sees to it that each one who serves him is justly rewarded, not only pecuniarily, but with kind words.

Mr. Crawford asks the name of each servant or waiter who attends him, and addresses him by his name; and if he has occasion to refer to any hotel where he has been, he can recall the name of the one who served him

He always has a drawing-room in the sleeping-car, and I know of only one instance, in a journey of 7000 miles, where he failed to secure one. He arranges his drawing room in exactly the same methodical way as his hotel room. He has a hanging alarm clock that is always in sight.

He sees the bright side of everything, and never says an ill natured word. He is not fond of company, and receptions are especially irksome to him; but under such conditions he is always the perfect gentleman. To those nearest to him he is gentle, loving and delightful.

FREDERICK VILLIERS' ESCAPE AT METEMMEH

Frederick Villiers, war artist, can lay claim to a more varied experience in the field than perhaps any of his fellows. The intimate friend of Archibald Forbes in seven campaigns, the fourth man in the quartette of war artists that followed the Russian Army to the gates of Constantinople, he has also done service in Afghanistan, in Egypt, in the Soudan, in Servia, in Burmah; and everywhere he has been in the thickest of the fight.

Of the group of war artists and correspondents in the battle of Metemmeh, on the Nile, and the Egyptian campaign, he alone escaped unscathed, while J. A. Cameron, of the London Standard; St. Ledger Herbert, of the London Morning Post; Captain W H Gordon, of the Manchester Guardian, Colonel Fred Burnaby, of the Morning Post, and Edward O Donovan, of the London Daily News, were killed [illegible]ht, and Colonel Burleigh, of the London Daily Telegraph, was wounded. Mr. Villiers was the only European war artist in the war between Japan and China.

In 1895 he started from New York on a lecture tour through America and Canada, and visited Australasia, lecturing in

all the principal towns of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. He eventually returned to England *via* the Cape, lecturing in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, and completing his second tour around the world

In the following year he visited Moscow a second time, for the coronation of the present Emperor, Nicholas II. In 1897 he acted as special correspondent for the Standard with the Greek Army, and for that paper and The Illustrated London News during the 1897 Soudan campaign.

I have seen more happiness while traveling with the Rev. John Watson in the last two or three years than anybody has ever beheld. The audiences were always in tears or laughter, listening in suspense to his tales and stories of Scotch life

In a trip with him in California we had curious experiences—flowers and blizzards, sunshine and snow. We were in a wreck

We were all in it, and we all escaped: every other car had been demolished except ours. We were on our way to Omaha, and Doctor Watson was to lecture that night. We could not get a train through. I kept telegraphing every little while. They said the people were there. I telegraphed to hold the audience—we would be there. I told Doctor Watson that when we arrived we would go straight to the hall. He said his books were all in the baggage

"No, they are not; I have them right here," I said

At a quarter to eleven we found the people waiting, and that was one of the biggest audiences we had on the tour

We were passing through Bridgeport one day, Horace Greeley, Mr. Beecher and myself. Mr. Greeley said, "This is Bridgeport. I had a successful lecture here once

Mr. Beecher said: "Greeley, what do you call a successful lecture?"

"Oh, more people stayed in than went out"

The MAKING of a JOURNALIST

By JULIAN RALPH

Copyright, 1899, in Great Britain, by Julian Ralph

IN SPEAKING about the element of danger in the life of an active newspaper correspondent, I had a great deal to say about war reporting. The mere fact that a reporter takes the greatest chances with his life when in the company of soldiers might easily lead to the thought that soldiering is more dangerous than reporting. It does not begin to be so dangerous. There is an English war-artist who has experienced more than two dozen campaigns, and therefore has seen more of war than any military officer or private in Christendom. Pryor and Villiers among the artists, Knight and Williams among the writers, are all many times more used than any soldier to the roar of cannon, the flash and crackle of rifle fire, the crash of opposing forces, and the sight of the dead and wounded on the battle-field. Since it has come into fashion for the correspondents to ride out with reconnoitering parties, to take part in small skirmishes, and to get as close to, or as deep into, the main battles as they can, the life of the correspondent has become extra-precarious. In one of the great London dailies the other day I read this comment upon the life of a British soldier

> "Mr Wyndham appears not to have seen any active service, but that is true of most soldiers; and the private who gets as much as six months' campaigning during his years in the army is fortunate indeed. Nearly the whole of every soldier's time is simply spent in routine—washing, dressing, cleaning, bed-making, drills, guard and meals. It is a necessary and highly improving routine, but apart from the sentiment of the thing there is almost as much romance and excitement in a housemaid's life"

Since every word of this is true, how startlingly it presents the contrast between the deadly, dull, mechanical routine of the average European soldier and the almost meteoric, continuously hazardous, ever straining career of a great reporter of to-day!

When I told of the unlooked for number of Englishmen who are forever clamoring to be sent to report whatever war either goes on or is merely threatened, I did not mean, by inference, to leave my own countrymen in any less advantageous light—if love of risk and adventure be a thing that glorifies a man. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out there were more candidates for the spurs of fighting correspondents than ever were seen or heard of in the world before. Those who were chosen and who went to the front or to the various camps numbered hundreds, and double as many were disappointed. I recommend every prospective journalist to read the account of Mr. Frederic Remington of his experiences in the campaign before Santiago de Cuba if he wants to know the reverse side of the picture which allures so many men. The article appeared in Harper's Magazine for November, 1898. The reality of campaigning in a hostile climate, without the rudest comforts or the necessaries of life, is set forth with naked candor. It was such a change from the excitement of marching behind a band, amid the plaudits of the multitude, in streets festooned with bunting, that many a man who had no lack of valor was none the less sick of his experience.

ADVENTURES WITH SHARPSHOOTERS AND SOUDANESE

A good story about two well-known correspondents has drifted from Santiago into my note-book—a mere phrase, by the way, for I keep no diary. When the two first met in that war they were within range of the Spanish sharpshooters, but this they did not know. Both were stout men—noble and easy targets for the enemy, especially as the yellow road on which they met threw their dark forms into the boldest relief.

"Why, hello!" said one.

"Hello, ——," the other replied

"Where are you going?" the first to speak now asked

Crack! Crack! two shots rang out. Ping! Ping! sang two bullets as they spatted the road.

And the brave correspondents—what of them? Each one, by a common impulse, flung himself face down upon the road and rolled off its edge into a deep ditch of mud and water.

"Killed them both!" the sharpshooters must have said joyously to one another, for that was how the extraordinary conduct of the two men must have explained itself

A companion story to that—and a better one—was told me by Frederic Villiers when we were on our way to Japan in 1894. He was talking of his experiences in one of the early Soudan campaigns, and he said that on the morning in question he was taking an Englishman's constitutional, though on horseback, on the desert. Suddenly he saw two mounted natives circling, like eagles about to swoop down upon their prey, in the distance. It was he who was their intended prey. When they thought themselves close enough they began to fire their guns at him. He hesitated for a moment, then turned his horse's head toward them, jabbed in his spurs, and rode furiously at them. His only weapon was an empty pistol, but he brandished that ferociously, and raced like a madman straight for them. It was now their turn to hesitate, but after a moment they caught the reverse of the contagion of his courage and fled like frightened rabbits.

However, the truth is that most persons exaggerate the dangers of war to a correspondent. Sometimes they are unavoidably great and numerous to every person engaged at the farthest confines of the field of battle, but more often the greatest dangers are those which the correspondents make for themselves—especially now that they fancy themselves called upon to jeopardize their usefulness to the public and to strain the conditions laid down for non-combatants on which, alone, they are admitted to an Army

NARROW ESCAPES FROM UNEXPECTED DANGERS

My own experiences in war have been too slight for me to class myself with the brave fellows who follow it for a livelihood, and yet my calling has had its own frequent excitements in many and varied fields. The moral I have drawn from my own experience is that the greatest dangers always show themselves where they are least expected. The only man who ever tried to shoot me was a companion at a dinner table. He was a Southerner—a South Carolinian—and was incensed at my singing—but no; this would not be extraordinary: any one might reasonably show displeasure at that. On the contrary, he was angry, not at my singing, but at what I sang. It was the national air of his country and mine, but he said that unless I sang the Flag that Bears a Single Star he would kill me when he had counted three. I felt myself as good as dead, for I did not know either the words or the tune which he demanded. He leveled his pistol, counted one, counted two, was about to say three—when the man who sat nearest to him disabled him with a blow and saved my life.

At another time when Frederic Remington and I were on a deer-hunting trip in West Virginia we [illegible] a Pullman car to ourselves, and sat cozily together in the smoking room, enjoying the mountain scenery. Like an apparition, but of what Shakespeare calls "too, too solid flesh," there appeared between us a raving, frothing maniac, wild eyed, excited and stalwart. He began by asking Mr Remington if he thought he was crazy, and with regret I record the fact that my friend said he had never seen a man more evidently sane.

"Of course," the maniac replied, "I'm sane as can be, but I'll kill my wife before they get me back in the asylum again. That's all I want. I'm going for her now, and I intend to cut her into mincemeat because it was she who had me put away. I've just escaped from the asylum this morning, you see."

We agreed with all of his opinions and approved of all his murderous projects until we came to the first station, which happened to be the one at which we were to alight. Then we left him to hunt up the porter in charge of the car. And all that day we shook the West Virginia woods with laughter as we thought of the porter alone in that coach with the madman, frightened out of his five senses, and perhaps locked up in his little linen closet

CLOSE CALLS ON LAND AND SEA AND GLACIER

It is the unexpected that always happens, and he who misses death in a dozen wars may find it in a brick that topples from a chimney when, at his home, he fancies himself most safe. There can be nothing more prosaic in the way of extended travel in these days than a trip on a Cunarder across the Atlantic, and yet, less than a year ago, when I stepped out of the door of the smoking room aboard the Etruria to see the appearance of the weather before turning in, a wave which swept the deck like lightning caught me and carried me away. First it wrestled with my knees while I held on to the knob of a door. Then it seized my waist and threw me straight out at right angles to the door, to which I still clung. Finally it wrenched me loose and carried me away. Fortunately, the water lowered in depth as it ran, and therefore it was not able to lift me over the ship's rail. Instead, it hurled me against a great iron block in the stern of the ship. My feelings remain the most notable feature of the affair in my recollection, for the taste of death was strong upon me, and I did not mind it—so surely does Nature almost always prepare us with tenderest mercy for even our most shocking endings. This whole occurrence lasted less than sixty seconds, and yet it left me so exhausted that, as I sped along to what I thought was certain death, I lost all fear and care. I realized that I was lost, that I had no strength left with which to make a futile fight for life among mountainous waves in inky darkness, and with a warm, balmy, comfortable feeling of resignation I regarded death kindly; indeed, I would not have put out a hand to stave it off. I have a home and wife and children, and I am no callous man about these treasures, yet I never gave them a thought

I once had a taste of nasty adventure upon a glacier in British Columbia, but the tale of that is not pertinent here because when I had it I was seeking what I got—an experience. But when, at last, I reached the moraine at the side of the glassy monster, my relief on feeling the great rocks beneath my feet was delicious enough to pay for my previous shock twice over. And then—then—in the very triumph of my new-found security I stepped upon a rock of the size of a farm laborer's hut—and it began to roll over under me. It had been delicately poised upon a point of its surface, and my comparatively little weight was sufficient to start it anew upon the destructive course it had begun perhaps before the dawn of human history. I ran to one edge and then to another, and finally I lay down upon the monster, when, for my good fortune, it came to another protuberance and rested again. So there was nothing in that adventure after all—though I rank it among the most terrible I ever experienced, simply because it came immediately atop of a wild and exhausting moment of greater danger

CAPTAIN AHERN'S TERRIBLE SLIDE

But with the knowledge of an adventure of my friend, Captain Ahern, of the United States Army, it does not become me to make much of any mere flirtation with danger. Captain Ahern was leading an exploring expedition in Western Montana, and when one night he pitched his camp in the mountains, he walked out upon a glacier that lay on his route to see how he should dispose of his force in crossing it. It was after sundown, and the surface was hard and crusted and rough, so that it was evident that his men, mules and horses could cross it as easily as any to follow any trail that led to where they were going. The Captain saw below him, down the sloping, icy plane, a great crevasse or fissure, capable of engulfing his entire little band, but so favorable were all the conditions that he was able to walk down to its menacing edge and stare into its darkening, icy depths.

On the next morning he and his men breakfasted and then made ready for the continuance of their march. The Captain was the first to step from *terra firma* to the surface of the great river of ice. Lo! all the conditions of the glacier as he had found it on the previous night were changed. The surface was melting, slippery, with a shallow coating of water, and more insecure than polished plate glass. The Captain pushed ahead a few feet, and then his boots slipped and he found himself flung face down, and flying along the sloping field of ice. He tried to dig in his toes and to catch himself with his finger-nails, but every effort was futile, and down and down the slippery mass he sped like fury. From the instant that he began to slide he thought of the crevasse, and all his effort was put forth to save himself from falling into it, for that meant certain and speedy as well as awful death. With the maddest energy he dug in his toes and scraped the ice with his fingers, but he still shot on and down, until—at last some protuberance offered itself and his motion was arrested. He found himself clutching a knob of rough ice with his toes at the edge of the crevasse. After that he had to exercise his wits to direct the ignorant men in his command from cannonading their own bodies down upon him and forcing him as well as their own brave selves into the gaping jaw of the glacier. At last, following his commands, they rescued him. And what do you think was the first thing he did when he was back safe in camp? He called for a looking-glass. He says he wanted to see whether his hair had turned white. He saw that it had not, and then—if I remember aright—he fainted!

Editor's Note—This is the eighth paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 12, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A D 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

October 7, 1899

$2.50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

What Science Will Do for Health

SANITARY science is the newest of the sciences, and dates only from the early years of the century. The hygienic precepts of Moses and Hippocrates are good for all time, but not until chemistry had revealed the composition of air and engineering had become a science was it possible to develop preventive medicine to its present status. The discoveries of Jenner, Virchow, Pasteur, Lister and Koch, with the practical labors of Chadwick, Rawlinson and Florence Nightingale abroad, and of Bowditch, Baker, Billings and Waring in this country, have saved thousands of lives, checked the spread of epidemics, and made healthful existence possible under modern conditions.

Nevertheless, the popular ignorance of practical hygiene is amazing—witness our recent experiences in camps and on transports during the Spanish War, the prevalence of typhoid and other "preventable" diseases, with the alarming spread of tuberculosis and cancer. A hundred years hence historians will consider our city slums and sweatshops, our acres of crowded tenements with no bathing facilities, our adulterated food and drink, our blind trust in drugs and quack remedies, and the popular dread of fresh air and neglect of exercise, with the same wonder that we regard the jail fevers and smallpox of John Howard's time and the Black Death during the Middle Ages. If cleanliness be next to godliness, we surely require sanctification.

We need a new evangelist to preach the sanitary gospel and to inculcate the value of the ounce of prevention. Instead of building a $200,000 sanitarium for consumptives in the Adirondacks, one tenth of that sum should be appropriated for sanitary tracts, lectures and expositions to show the value of fresh air and how to keep well. The best agencies for spreading hygienic knowledge are the schools, the press and women's clubs. If the hours spent in teaching "temperance" physiology were devoted to instruction in domestic sanitation and household economy, the baleful influences of foul air and the frying-pan, the prime sources of dyspepsia and the depressions which incite thousands to drink, would be greatly reduced. No branch of knowledge is more interesting or more useful, and it is a hopeful sign that it is steadily gaining recognition in public and private schools.

The press is a generous ally of all movements for popular enlightenment, and women's clubs are taking a deep interest in sanitary problems. Excepting where fashion interferes, women are far more interested in health than men, owing to their finer sensibilities and innate love of cleanliness.

Both children and adults ought to learn such elementary facts as that a leak in a water pipe is not so dangerous as a flaw in a house drain, that slimy wooden washtubs are not suitable for a kitchen where food is prepared; that a damp, dark or dirty cellar is a nesting place for germs; that "sewer gas" is created in foul house drains as well as in sewers; that hidden pipes are always to be suspected, and that the best plumbing requires periodic inspection and testing. People must also learn to appreciate the money value of sanitary safety, and not spend lavishly on furniture and decorations and grudge any outlay for health. They should distrust the "cheap" plumber, who is usually an ignoramus or a fraud. "Better be sure than sorry" is a wise maxim; and fresh air and good drainage are a better investment than drugs and doctors' bills.

Through such means and by such methods as I have described we may anticipate the time when scurvy will be as rare as leprosy, when an epidemic of typhus or typhoid will disgrace a community; when a food adulterator will be given as short shrift as a Western horse-thief. City streets will then be shaded and flushed with salt water if obtainable; double-decker tenements will be forbidden by law; vendors of cheap candy will be driven from school doors and fresh fruit sold instead. Every tenement will have fireproof stairs and, in winter, warmed halls; when a "scamped" building falls and causes loss of life the contractor will go to prison. Finally, when a Waring devotes his trained skill to improving the public health, he will be paid as much as a sheriff or police justice, and not "turned down" at the next election or forced to eke out his meagre salary by the bounty of his friends.

—CHARLES F. WINGATE.

In these days of universal reforms the American sandwich ought not to be left out.

The Measure of Success

AMERICANS have been described by foreigners, and by sincere home-bred critics as well, with great show of justice and frankness, as worshipers of the money god. On the surface of our life, both domestic and national, we do expose a great area devoted to sordid aspiration. And, after all, there may be less evil in this fact than a hasty judgment would comprehend. To a degree, financial success is a just measure of superior intelligence and character. It is indisputable that the periods of highest civilization have always been strongly marked by aggregations of wealth.

We are too apt, in our despair at the thought that we can never be rich, to make the sweeping charge of unrighteousness, and even brutality, against those whom the god of gain has highly favored. Do you wish you were rich? If you do, what right have you to arraign the man who has wished the same thing and had it come true? Speaking of American humor, what would be more delightful in that line than the recent financial success of the man who a few years ago headed a so-called army of tramps and marched on Washington? A shrewd negro expressed a sound philosophy when, just after the revival of prosperity in the South, he said: "De po' white man done grab what de rich white man use ter hol' fas'. I tell yo', w'en de bottom rail git on de top o' de fence dey's somefin' a gwine ter happen!"

Money is not happiness, nor is financial success the whole of life. A very little observation shows that our existence here gathers such enjoyment as it is capable of realizing from sources not controllable by the purchasing power of money. The laws of health, for example, are more important than the secrets of trade in the race for a true goal of human success. Of what avail would millions of money have been to Keats when he began to die at twenty? The relaxed health of Gladstone at eighty made his voice a nation's trumpet-blast. Bismarck's sound nerve-centres were more to Germany than the gold of all the banks. A sound body, with a sound character imbuing it, will command success when a nation's overflowing treasury may be wasted in vain against the tide of calamity. In a word, success comes of health. Not mere physical equilibrium, but that higher health which insures contentment based upon justice, charity and righteous regard for life, is the *sine qua non*. A healthy soul in a pure physique will find its way to such success as may well be envied.

Again turning to Gladstone for lofty example, we see how the currents of his moral aspiration and his political ambition ran together through a long, beautiful and powerful career. Weakness of character makes even religion a reflection from insipidity; force of character advances every object that it touches. Ill directed, it plunges its bearer, and maybap a nation with him, into the whirlpool of evil; well directed, it brings the true success, which may be but a happy life on a remote farm, or a long series of public triumphs for the lasting good of mankind. And as physical health has a strong influence upon character, it should be assiduously guarded in our homes and schools equally with moral health, which also gives efficiency to the whole human organism. The measure of success is but the measure of a well lived life.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

The man who gets on the wrong train proves his human nature by blaming the company for his mistake.

The White Ribbon Movement in France

WE AMERICANS have nearly all meditated more or less deeply on the drink question. We see the evils that liquor does; they come home to almost every one of us, and most of us have been deeply stirred at one time or another by the desire to aid in abating them.

Temperance movements have abounded in this country for half a century. All their phases and methods are familiar to us. We know what prohibition means, and we hold various views as to its efficacy as a temperance measure. Some think that in time it will prevail, while others are convinced that it attempts the impossible and, by procuring legislation that cannot be enforced, brings the law into contempt and does more harm than good. All of us have watched and many of us have experienced the efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to abolish by law or any other practicable means the consumption of intoxicating beverages.

We know what high license means, and something about its workings. We have watched women crusaders in Ohio pray saloons out of business; we know the power of the liquor interests in politics; we know the argument in favor of beer as a less mischievous stimulant than whisky; we know what local option means; we have seen cities vote "no license," and we are watching nowadays the working of an attempt to instil a wholesome aversion to alcohol into the minds of our children by physiological instruction given in the public schools. It cannot be said that as yet we have reached a conclusion as to the best means of dealing with the drink problem; but the fight against it is bright and constant, and experiments are continuous.

France has long been considered one of the temperate countries of the world. Her people have always been wine drinkers, but they were said to limit themselves as a rule to light wines, which it was claimed did not do them much harm. Suddenly and recently the French have been told that they are by far the most drunken people on earth. Their statisticians have pointed out that their annual consumption of alcohol is at the rate of four gallons a year for each individual of their population of 38,000,000. They far out-drink the English and the Germans. They drink dangerous liquors, too—absinthe and brandy, and cheap spirits that are worse still.

At first France did not believe the stories of her own intemperance, but now she has become alarmed. To be more drunken than Germany means defeat in war, defeat in everything. So in France, now, are the beginnings of a temperance movement which is stirring all over Europe.

It will be very interesting to us to see the French fight the liquor evil. We know our methods, and we will want to compare them with French methods, which will be sure to be unlike ours. The first difference that appears is that while temperance reform here is largely a moral movement which has churches, religious societies and moralists behind it, it is being urged on in France by men of science and doctors of medicine. At the head of the movement is Doctor Grain, an eminent physician. He is the President of the National Anti-Alcoholic League, and has forty-two young doctors as his lieutenants. The French temperance movement seems, too, to be controlled by men, and not, as here and in England, largely promoted by women.

France as yet has no "liquor legislation." She will have some very soon, for she has far too many wine shops, and must both reduce their number and restrict carefully the sale of certain kinds of drink. Very shortly, therefore, we shall have a chance to see whether liquor legislation is among the things that "they do better in France."

—E. S. MARTIN.

It is pleasant to observe that the gentlemen in pursuit of the next Presidential nominations recognize that trimming on great questions no longer suits the American voter.

The Reunion with Nature

IN A QUARTETTE of sonnets Wordsworth bewailed the incursion of the K. & W. Railroad upon the primitive scenes in which he worshiped. Such words as "the ruthless change," "false utilitarian lure," "the passion of a just disdain," and "profane despoilers," indicate his rage against what was to him sacrilege. But, great lover of Nature as he was, he did not see that, while the rush and roar of traffic might disturb him, yet it brought thither hundreds and hundreds who otherwise could never have made acquaintance with these scenes. Later poets have more optimistically endeavored to show forth the romance of the railroad, its fellowship with scenery, and its great beauty, especially at night.

Is not the later thought the right one? Is it not a fact that our present time—which somebody, I believe, has called "this material age"—is really getting closer and closer home to Nature? In the old times, which the glamour of romance has outrageously flattered as "the good old times," a few fortunate travelers were enabled to journey into other lands. The huge majority of the people, however, seldom wandered far beyond their city walls, except on some pilgrimage of war.

But now all that is changed. For a few pennies one can speed through miles on miles of open wooded country in trolley cars that outspeed the fleetest of the rich man's four-in-hands. With a few dollars in easy installments a laborer can own a bicycle and ride to the very core of the woods and lose himself in a forest that seems primeval and unexplored. For the fashionables, who took up the bicycle when it was costly and lost interest in it as it descended into the reach of the poor, there is a new toy—the automobile; and the transcontinental jaunt will take the place of the little parish route through which one might tool a coach and four.

The first temptation of the pessimist is to count all these things as invasions of Nature; but the truer view is to accept them as means to a nearer approach to her. Along all the roadsides cozy little inns are springing up, enticing the town mouse to the outlying lands. Dining *al fresco* is becoming popular. Landscape gardening has lost its hideous formalism, and the ideal of the present-day park is a playground, not a jail, for Nature. Then there is our latest plagiarism from the Old World—golf—which will not long remain the monopoly of the well-to do, for it is essentially a poor man's game, and a blessed game, too, since it lures the townsman into wandering miles and miles across the broad fields and makes him a citizen of All Outdoors.

These are only a few of the proofs that civilization is outgrowing its false period when it thought that its highest ambition was to get as far as possible from Nature. We know her more truly and more variously than our ancestors, and we love her none the less.

—RUPERT HUGHES.

John R. McLean, Democratic nominee for the Governorship of Ohio, is a highly versatile genius. A born politician, he is yet more remarkable as a money maker, possessing in a very marked degree that power of estimating value in things which is the wealth-winning faculty. He was the son of a rich man, and opportunities were thrown in his way, but if he had started in life without a cent he would have earned a fortune. Not such a fortune as he owns to-day, probably, but still a competence. McLean is worth millions—just how many millions nobody knows. Everything he touches turns to gold.

One might imagine a stranger coming to Washington and asking in good faith a series of questions like those put in the famous rhymed story about Nick Van Stann, the answer "John R. McLean" being returned to each query. Who occupies this magnificent residence with its walled courtyard opposite Chamberlin's? Whose is this great office building? Who holds a controlling interest in this street railway? Who runs the Washington Gaslight Company? Who gives the most costly entertainments at the capital? The response is always "John R. McLean." Whatever he does is on a large scale. His newspaper in Cincinnati is run on a broad gage, and his income from it is said to be not much less than a thousand dollars a day.

Withal, there never was a more democratic man in his ways. Nobody ever has to send in a card to McLean; his door is always wide open. It happened thus one night, when he was in active charge of the editorial department of his paper in Cincinnati, that the newest reporter on the paper walked coolly into his sanctum smoking a cigarette. The impudence of the intruston can only be realized by persons who know how august an individual is the editor in chief of a great daily.

"Well, Mac," said the reporter, puffing a cloud, "how's news to-night? Pretty lively, eh?"

Mr. McLean lifted his eyes from the proofs he was reading and replied in a gently pleading tone:

"Don't call me Mac; it's too stiff. Call me Johnny!"

The Enquirer was started before the Civil War by the firm of Faran & McLean—the latter, John R.'s father, Washington McLean. When Faran died, the elder McLean became sole owner of the paper, and he put his son into the counting-room to learn the business. After a while the young man became business manager, and later, having acquired an interest in the concern, he exhibited his versatility by taking the responsible editorship and administering that department with notable success. At the present time, while holding general executive control, he does not interfere with details in the conduct of the Enquirer. Thus he gets an opportunity to handle the many other irons which he always has in the fire.

Fundamental in the character of John R. McLean is love of power. He is fond of getting money chiefly because it is a means of influence. Popularity he courts, because that also is a lever, and, while he cares little for society, in the fashionable sense, he spends many thousands of dollars every winter in entertaining. His newspaper is an immense political engine in Ohio and has an enormous following.

With his paper, the active management of a gas company and numerous large real estate and other investments to look after, Mr. McLean might well consider himself sufficiently occupied. But these things do not satisfy his ambition. He wants to be Governor of Ohio, though the gubernatorial chair is not in itself important enough to be a serious aim from his point of view. In reality, his eye is fixed upon the Presidency, and, though he knows that in the ordinary course of events he has no prospect of attaining that eminence, he thinks that a chance turn of the political roulette wheel may land him in the White House. Always a fortunate man in whatever he has undertaken, he has faith in his lucky star.

John R. McLean is a man rather under than over middle height. He is good looking rather than handsome, of full habit without being fat, inclined to be rosy about the face, with the aspect of a person who enjoys the good things of life, and clean-shaven except for a heavy mustache. Fifteen years ago he married a daughter of General Edward Beale, and is thus a brother-in-law of Truxton Beale, who became the husband of one of Mr. Blaine's daughters. General Beale was a man of means, and the fine old family residence which he occupied still stands on H Street, opposite the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, and only a block away from the White House. This connection has been of no little value to Mr. McLean from the social standpoint.

Immediately after his marriage he came to Washington to live, as did also his father, Washington McLean. The latter bought a house near the Beale mansion and invested a good deal of money in Washington real estate. When he died, half a dozen years ago, all of his property went to his son, greatly augmenting the latter's already large fortune.

One of Mr. McLean's ideas a while ago was to buy the lot at the northwest corner of Fourteenth and F Streets and erect upon it a fine, tall edifice which should be called the Enquirer Building. The piece of ground—one of the most desirable in the city—was vacant, and had been so for many years, for no other reason than that it belonged to old "Joe" Willard, the owner of Willard's Hotel and of millions of dollars' worth of other real estate in that eligible business section. "Old Joe," as everybody called him, was the most eccentric character in Washington. He lived all by himself in a tumble-down, dingy, wooden house nearly opposite the lot in question. His business office was a stuffy little room, papered with newspapers, under the hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue.

For reasons best known to himself he did not want to sell the lot. What he said was that if a building were put up on that corner it would cut off the view from his house of Willard's Hall, an antiquated structure likewise belonging to him which had formerly been a church, which he and his departed wife had been accustomed to attend for many years. On this account, as he declared, he would not permit the piece of ground to go out of his hands. Mr. McLean, having set his heart on it, made all sorts of tempting offers, but in vain. The old man shook his head.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Willard," said McLean to him finally. "If you will let me have that land I will cover it completely with silver dollars and you may have the dollars."

Old Joe looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he cocked an eye at McLean and said:

"Put them on edge and I'll do it."

This ended the bargaining, and Mr. McLean did not get the lot. It is now occupied by the new Western Union building, which young "Joe" Willard put up soon after his father died, two years ag

Some time ago the Commissioners of the District tore up the old Holmead Cemetery half a dozen squares due north of Dupont Circle. The remains were removed except in some cases where surviving relatives took enough interest to care for them, and the whole area which the burying-ground had occupied, making one large city block, was put up at auction. Mr. McLean bought it at a remarkably low price and gave it to his wife as a birthday present. For years it was utilized for no other purpose than as a playground for little Eddie McLean, the sole heir of the house. A building of some size was erected in one corner for a playhouse, and the former cemetery served admirably as a prairie on which to hunt Indians.

Judge Wylie, for years one of the most prominent figures upon the District Bench, is still living in Washington, and although he has passed by more than a decade the limit of threescore and ten, he still loves to hear and tell a good story. Only the other day he was relating to an appreciative audience tales of his prowess at hunting deer in the Pohick woods at the time when that region abounded in game.

"What, you hunt deer at Pohick, Judge?" asked one of his auditors, himself a mighty hunter. "Why, if I were a Pohick deer and should meet you unexpectedly in the woods I would fly to your arms for protection."

TWILIGHT

By Madison Cawein

ABOVE the hills the sunset lies
In purple dyes,
The stars come out, the vales are dark,
And, spark by spark
A drizzled gold, the fireflies
Spill mimic stars about the park.

Stars burn above,
Lights gleam below,
Like thoughts of love
They come and go
So, oh, my Heart,
The thoughts of thee
Light each dark part
Of life for me.

Among the trees dim breezes wake,
The branches shake,
The moon comes up; faint odors sway;
And, ray on ray,
A blur of pearl, about the lak
Their little moons the lilies lay.

The moon above
The flow'rs beneath,
Like dreams of love
Their glamour breathe.
So, oh, my Soul,
The dreams of thee
Make glad the whole
Of life for me.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Society is the exquisite cultivation of human nature where that which is boorish, that which is rude, that which is, it may be said, unkind, has been eliminated—at least, all expression of it has been—and that which is never expressed must after a time be forgotten.

Manners but express the mind. Where every act to another is an expression of courtesy; where backbiting, gossiping and discussions of petty domestic affairs are bad form; where with the chit-chat of every-day talk is intermingled the interchange of ideas on the primest events in literature, art and the affairs of the nation, where the giving to charity is oftenest done in secret; where an inferior is always sure of courteous treatment, where a man shows the same deference to the wife or mother at his fireside that he does to a duchess in her drawing-room—if these expressions of the mind within are to be despised, and only the rough diamond eulogized then perfection and culture in any form are to be scouted.

The people have placed society on a pedestal to be criticised while the critics below go unscathed. Society's faults are emblazoned far and near, and hence are supposed to be peculiar to society. The divorce cases and scandals of society which appear in print are concluded to be typical of the life. The divorce cases and scandals of the strata below seldom appear in print, so the inference is there are none.

Are there really any idle in society? Does not their leisure but represent the hundreds, perhaps thousands, who are working for them, working at a fair price, supporting families in comfort? Does not the sumptuous entertaining of society give honest, well-paid employment to thousands?

Society is a vast and beneficial power in the world—a power too expressive of human nature still but with the hideousness of human nature effaced.

JESSIE DUNBAR RAWORTH

Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

An Army officer ranks a Naval officer of the same relative grade; but in official matters, when the Army and Navy act in conjunction, the officer of highest rank in either arm of the service is senior officer present, and it would appear to follow in social functions as well. The relative rank of the Army and Navy, as is well known, is as follows:

Admiral ranks with	[illegible]
Vice-Admiral	[illegible]
Rear-Admiral	—Major General
Rear-Admiral (junior, formerly Commodore)	—Brigadier-General
Captain	—Colonel
Commander	—Lieutenant-Colonel
Lieutenant Commander	—Major
Lieutenant	—Captain
Lieutenant (junior grade)	—First Lieutenant Army
Ensign	—Second Lieutenant

The fact that a Major General is temporarily holding the additional title of "General Commanding the Army" does not elevate him to an equality with an Admiral.

J. R. C.

Washington, D. C.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The article on A Wrong to the Ill is certainly one of the most appropriate that has ever appeared in behalf of the invalid. To take a countryman into a city for restoration is just as silly as to confine gray squirrels in a narrow limit to increase their number and value. Every one who has ever been ill knows how irritating is a continual noise. Even the noise of the clock is provoking to a person of a nervous affection. In the country nothing but the hum of the bee and the song of the bird are heard, and these are noises which are rather stimulating than irritating. There are as many pleasing things in the country as in town. The beautiful fish, the luscious fruit and the golden grain are among the greatest attractions of Nature.

In the country we have the freshest and greatest variety—pools, clear, deep springs of cool water and large woodlands of shade. These things are always to be remembered.

[illegible]

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The editorial, What Constitutes a Self Made Man? is ably treated by Mr. Fred Nye. The life of Jay Gould should not be pointed to the youth of the country to follow, but it affords a good illustration of a self-made man. Beginning in poverty and obscurity, he rose by hard work and keen business foresight to be a money king.

Lincoln and Garfield both furnish excellent examples. The former, born in an humble log cabin, used to study by the light of pine knots, and often walked many miles to borrow a single book that he might gain an education and thus secure a place in the world. The latter, amid obscure surroundings began life by following the tow path. Such a life must inspire the American youth.

He who, taking life as he finds it, works himself up the ladder of power and fame, step by step, overcoming all the obstacles and using them as stepping stones to something higher, never looking back, or pausing to rest until he reaches the top and becomes a factor in the world of human progress—such is a self made man.

N. I. [illegible]

Rondout, New York.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

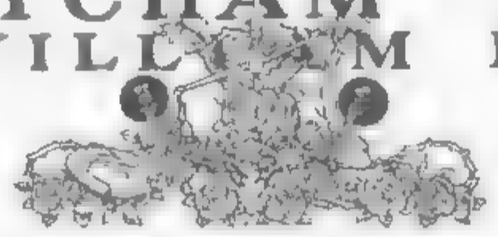
It seems strange that with such an object lesson as Girard College, some multi-millionaire does not emulate the example of Stephen Girard and build for himself an ever-increasing and enduring monument—except that it shall be for the benefit of motherless girls, as Girard College is for fatherless boys. What holier work can await that philanthropist who will do this sadly needed one? Fathers are everywhere who are perplexed over the welfare of little motherless girls, left to the care of any charitable relative who may or may not be fitted to train them to be daughters worthy of the motherhood they had hoped would be theirs.

ROSAMOND F.

Towanda, Pennsylvania.

THE KETCHAM PARDON.

By WILLIAM ELLIS.



ONE day late in the fall of [illegible] office, Governor Henry Warfield was in the executive chamber going over some papers. Among them was an application for the pardon of Edward Ketcham, a case in which politics had interfered with intrinsic merits. Ever since Ketcham had gone to the penitentiary, eight years before, the application for his pardon had been made to each Governor, and by each of them refused. Although Governor Warfield knew the difficulties in the way, he was prepared when the time for action came, and, after satisfying himself that the papers were in proper form, he sent for his secretary.

"Wilson," he said, "have a pardon and restoration to citizenship made out for Ketcham at once."

"You are going to issue the pardon?" asked the secretary with some surprise.

"I shall sign it as soon as it is prepared," replied the Governor, and without further comment turned to his work.

Ketcham had been the cashier of one of the banks at Westonville, the home, in later years, of Warfield. He had been drawn into stock speculations, and had committed a series of forgeries aggregating a large amount. Francis Barrington, the president of the bank which was the principal loser, had been his unrelenting prosecutor, and had made every effort at securing a pardon unavailing.

Barrington was a power in politics. He was a large owner of timber lands and lands which had been "cut over," and the local machinery of taxation was of much importance to him. So it came about that in the sparsely settled sections of the north he took good care to have financial obligations to him pretty well distributed. The interest on these investments was always regularly collected, but so long as Barrington could call for the political influence he wanted at election time no one was ever troubled about the principal.

There were five counties up in the north from which Barrington could control delegations without leaving his office. So each Governor to whom the application for the pardon of Ketcham had been presented had very easily determined the question; for on one side was a woman who had no vote at all, and her erring husband, while on the other side were the delegations from five counties. And politics is politics, just as business is business.

When the application for the Ketcham pardon came to Warfield it raised a different issue. It took him back to the days of his life at the University, when he had first learned the lesson of love—the lesson that carries its recitation hours through all the days and nights through all the years. It carried him back to the days when he, and she as well, had forgotten the practical side of life, to the days when they knew only the wonderful thing which love had become to them when without thought or care they had simply been happy in love and in loving.

Then she had awakened from the dream. And, though she said she loved him with all her heart, it was she who had seen how impracticable it would be to marry the penniless and struggling student when the man of means offered her his hand. It was not a question of love, it was a matter of being sensible. So she was sensible and married Ketcham.

With Warfield it was different. He was a plain country boy, reared close to the sod, with no sentiment, and all he knew about love was that those hours with her which had been so sacred to him had remained through all his life so sweet and tender in his memory that he could not let the empty form of something less come between him and them. Thus the first love he had ever known had been the only love of his life.

Perhaps it was his pathetic fidelity to that one essential truth that made his life the clear, strong, pure life it was. Now after all these years, it was his to give or withhold her husband. So the pardon of Edward Ketcham was settled.

The relations between the Governor and his secretary were necessarily very close, and, in fact, Wilson had been Warfield's intimate friend for years. He knew why Ketcham was to be pardoned. He understood how futile would be any attempt to argue the matter. While he was thinking about it, Colonel Hankinson, one of the Governor's political confidants, came in.

"Has the Governor said anything to you about the Ketcham matter?" inquired the Colonel.

"Yes," replied Wilson, "he has just told me to have the papers prepared. Can anything be done to head him off? His career in this State is over when he signs that pardon."

"I know," said the Colonel rather dubiously. "I talked with him last night till way into the morning, but I couldn't move him. He has some idea or other of duty in the matter, and when Henry gets a notion of duty in his head you can't do much with him. Duty was never intended to be mixed with practical politics."

The Colonel had been distinguished for his devotion to duty when he was in the service, and somewhat conspicuous in practical politics since he was mustered out. So he was an expert on the mixture. "I have telegraphed for Barrington," he continued, "and he ought to be here on the two forty. If you can stave it off till he arrives we may be able to do something."

"He has ordered the papers made out," said Wilson, "and you know about how much waiting he is likely to do."

"Well," said the Colonel as he rose to go, "do your best to delay things till this afternoon and we'll see what we can do. Don't let him know I've sent for Barrington."

Wilson, whose loyalty to his chief was absolute, was glad to know that at least some effort was being made to avert what seemed to him clearly a case of political suicide; but he knew Barrington and he knew Warfield, and he looked for rather barren results from the interview.

In the meantime the Governor had called up the penitentiary on the telephone and was having a talk with Ketcham.

"I have in hand," he was saying, "the application for your pardon. Before I act upon it I want to have a talk with you. I have not time to come down there, so I am sending for you to come up here. I have instructed the warden to fit you out with a suit of clothes, and he will come with you himself. You can leave on the noon train. I will arrange to see you as soon as you arrive."

"Oh, no indeed, not at all," said the Governor, replying to an expression of thanks from Ketcham. "I want to see you. I will meet you at four o'clock. Good-by."

He hung the telephone on the hook and sat musing for a moment. It was the first time he had heard the voice of Ketcham in eight years, and it started the memories. Ketcham was the man who had made in his life a void which all the success of business and all the triumph of politics could not fill.

There was one thing in the career of Henry Warfield which he had never been quite able to reconcile with his conscience: Florence Watson was the wife of another man, but the portrait of her girlish face had rested in his watch-case ever since he had put it there, fifteen years before. And now he opened the case and looked at the picture.

DO YOUR BEST TO DELAY THINGS TILL THIS AFTERNOON AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO"

Other matters pressed upon him for attention, and the hour for luncheon arrived almost before he realized that the morning had slipped away. It was nearly half past two when he returned to his office, and as he came in Wilson handed him a telegram. It read:

"I shall arrive at two forty. Please defer
action in pardon matter till I see you.
"FRANCIS BARRINGTON."

"By the way," said the Governor, making no comment on the telegram, "are the papers in the Ketcham case made out?"

"I think so, sir," said Wilson.

"Then send them to me," said the Governor, and he passed on into his office.

Wilson knew what that [illegible] not secretaries, even at critical junctures, can only obey. He went to the engrossing clerk and got the papers and sent them in to the Governor.

Governor Warfield examined the papers critically and affixed his signature to them. The seal had already been imprinted. Then, inclosing in an envelope the deed to Edward Ketcham's freedom, he addressed it to Mrs. Ketcham and sent it to the post office by the messenger who was waiting.

Calling Wilson, he ordered a set of certified copies of the papers made to be delivered to the warden when he should come in with Ketcham, and instructed Wilson to inform the warden that when Ketcham came into the executive chamber his duties with reference to him were at an end.

Then he was ready for Mr. Barrington. He had hardly finished his instructions when Barrington was ushered in.

"Governor," commenced the banker almost at once, "I understand that you are really giving serious consideration to the application for the Ketcham pardon."

"Well, not very serious consideration now, Mr. Barrington," said the Governor, with that firm, hard-set smile on his face which so many politicians had learned was a stone wall behind which the Executive became hopelessly inaccessible. "Not very serious, Mr. Barrington. The pardon has been signed and delivered. It is out of my hands. I [illegible] absolutely no control or possession in that connection."

"Did you get my telegram?" demanded Barrington.

"Yes," replied the Governor with coolness which only added to the exasperation of the politician; "that was why I delivered it as soon as I did. I thought that might simplify our discussion."

"And you have chosen to defy me in this matter?" stormed Barrington.

"Not exactly that," replied the Governor, still cool—annoyingly cool. "I think if you will consider a moment and look the Constitution over a little you will discover that it was entirely my affair."

"Yes," said Barrington, now wholly beside himself, "and you will find that there are some things in the politics of this State which are my affair, even if there isn't anything in the Constitution about it."

"Barrington"—the Governor had never called him just plain Barrington before—"let me talk to you a moment."

The Governor had risen now, and was facing his caller at close range, and his voice dropped to a low, impressive pitch.

"Do you remember sixteen years ago last summer when you proved up on the Foubare homestead?

"I don't remember the details of my timber transactions so far back as that," replied Barrington a little testily. But his manner was completely changed. He realized that he had shifted to the defensive.

"Yes, you do remember the Foubare proof," insisted the Governor, and his voice was coming up to the jury pitch. "Not even a man like you forgets such a transaction as that. However, I'll refresh your memory a little. You may remember that Foubare had gone on a quarter section way back in the country. It had some of the finest timber up there growing on it, but it was so far out of the way that the timber cruisers overlooked it for a long time. You made a contract with him for the timber, and were to furnish him the money to prove up. One summer Foubare went away to work and he never came back. You never found him. But you were afraid the claim would be jumped or that something would happen, and about that time along came a man who said he was Foubare, and of course you couldn't be expected to remember just what Foubare looked like, and so you took his word for it. The necessary witnesses were provided, the proof was made, and when the patent was issued you filed, with the patent, a deed to the land from Foubare and his wife to you. Now do you remember the case?"

"I don't know as I remember that particular case," replied Barrington, who had now recovered his self possession, "there were a good many claims bought in those days."

"If I should open this package," said Warfield—now thoroughly aroused—turning to his desk and picking up an envelope filled with papers, "perhaps you would be able to remember it. In this package is the deed. You never called for it after it was recorded, but some one else did. That deed is in your handwriting. With it is the opinion of an unimpeachable expert that the signatures to the deed were made by the same man who filled it in, and at the same time. With it there is also an affidavit from Foubare and his wife, both of whom, by the way, are now living—swearing that they never signed the deed. That was sixteen years ago last summer. The statute of limitations runs against forgery

twenty years The next State Convention is to be held in one year. Can I have the delegations from what you are pleased to call your counties next year, if I want them?'

Barrington looked at the Governor for just a moment, full in the face, and then turned to go. Warfield called him back.

"We are not yet through," he said "Don't you think Mr Foubare and his wife, who are getting pretty old now, ought to have some kind of a settlement with you?"

"What sort of a settlement do you mean?" inquired Barrington, with a hopeless note in his voice

I think you agreed to give him $1000 for the timber. It was villainous robbery at that price, but as he agreed to it then I suppose it is no more than fair for him to stand to it now. The interest on $ 000 for sixteen years at, we will say, eight per cent , though you have usually got more than that for your money, would be"—making a quick pencil calculation—"$1280. Then the land, or its fair value, ought to be returned to him. I suppose he would rather have $1600 than the land. Say, including extras and incidentals, and not to be niggardly about the matter, an even $4000."

"Does that include the delivery to me of the papers which you say you have?"

"By no means," replied the Governor All that does is to insure you against civil proceedings to recover the money, in which case, as you are aware, Mr Foubare would recover the highest value of the timber and land between that time and now, which, with interest, would amount to, I should say, from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and which would also necessitate proving the—we will say the irregularity of the papers That is all it insures. We are not now compounding a felony."

Then what guaranty have I against further proceedings of a— of a different nature?'

"None whatever. That rests with m

"Do you want the nomination next year?"

"I have not said that I did. I asked you whether you thought that I could have the delegations from your counties if I want them What do you think?"

"Oh, I suppose you can."

'Do you want to leave a check for $4000 with me, payable to the order of Antoine Foubare?"

Are you Foubare's attorney

"I think you are willing to trust to my honesty in a matter I $4— are you not?"

"I suppose I am Antoine, did you say the name was?"

Yes. You knew how to spell it once I presum you have not forgotten?

"I know how the name is spelled," said Barrington, as he took a check out of his pocket and sat down at the desk to fill it out. While he was doing this the door was opened, and into the presence of the two men walked Edward Ketcham As he entered the room all the bitter anger of years rushed in hot blood to the face of Barrington, who dropped his pen and half rose from his chair

"You th——" he started to say, but Warfield stopped him in the middle of the word.

"Hadn't you better finish that check?" he said quietly but with a look that brought Barrington to his senses.

"Be seated a moment," said the Governor pleasantly to Ketcham. "Mr. Barrington and I are nearly through our business." By this time Barrington had signed the check which he handed to the Governo

"Now, Mr. Barrington," said Warfield, as Barrington rose to go, "I want to say to you that I can have the delegations from your counties in the next State Convention, if I want them. I can have your active and earnest support for the United States Senate if I want it. Whatever I desire to command of you in politics I can have from you—not because I deserve it, not because the interests of the State or the welfare of the public demand it, but because the string I have around you is a little stronger than you can pull away from I shall not want your support for reelection or for any other position, nor the support of any man such as you are, from whom I can ask nothing for which repayment is not expected in service that is likely to be dishonest and is sure to be unpleasant. If I cannot complete my career in the public service without the aid of such politicians as you and your kind, it is time for me to stop and go back to my law office

Do not think for one moment that I am holding this matter over your head for my own protection. I am not afraid of you or your kind. But Edward Ketcham is going out into the world with a fearful handicap, to attempt to make his way, and he is going to be an honest man. I want him to understand that he has nothing to fear from you, and I want you to understand that for the next four years you are to keep your hands off of him I think we all understand the situation I bid you good day."

As the Governor turned to Ketcham, after Barrington had gone out, there was a perceptible relaxation of the lower jaw

"Ketcham," began the Governor when they were alone, "I had wanted to have a little talk with you, but the next train you can catch for home leaves in about fifteen minutes, and there is some one who wants to talk with you more than I do. I'll call a cab and send you to the station, and when you get straightened out a bit come and see me Don't say a word," he protested, as Ketcham, almost dazed by the rapid course of events, tried to find words to express his gratitude. "There isn't a thing to be said. I have done this simply because I thought it ought to be done, and I think I have placed Barrington where he will give neither of us any trouble for at least four years Now go home to your wife

DO NOT THINK FOR ONE MOMENT THAT I AM HOLDING THIS MATTER OVER YOUR HEAD FOR MY OWN PROTECTION I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOU OR YOUR KIND

and tell her that there happened to be one Governor of the State who was so situated that he could consider the Ketcham pardon without consulting Francis Barrington

As Ketcham hurried out to get to his train the Governor sat down by the fire, and when Wilson came in hurriedly a few moments later he snapped his watch-case shut, and he had not seen the time of day at all He had not been looking at that side of his watch

SOUSA—THE MARCH KING

MR. SOUSA and I were the only two on the veranda; but an open window near us let out the buzz of voices, and put us in touch with the curious, cosmopolite hotel life At the other end of the veranda a window was open, too, and near there a girl was playing the Washington Post mar

"Don't you get tired hearing that butchered?" I asked

Tired? Oh, no! I rather rejoice at every convert, no matter how bad the playing is. Technique is such a small thing and feeling such a great thing. The greatest poems are never written, some one has said; so with the greatest marches. And for all you know, the greatest march may be sealed up in that struggling aspirant

The "struggling aspirant" suddenly stopped t Washington Post and began a deadly attack on the Liberty

Funny thing about these two marches," said Sousa "They are of about equal merit, yet the first brought me thirty five dollars and the second over forty thousand

Such is indeed the fact. When the Washington Post was written Sousa was the bandmaster of the Marine Band at Washington, working ambitiously along, and not thinking about the financial return that was to come from his work The wonderful success of the Washington Post and the High School Cadets, which he also sold for thirty five dollars opened his eyes to the business side of his work. He made different arrangements with another publisher, and the consequence was that his next march brought him $10,000, and is still bringing in an incon

'And which of these two do you prefer?

'My favorite work is always my last one," he replied "Perhaps," he added, after a moment's reflection, "the work that I really turn to with the most pleasure is the Star and Stripes. If there is anything that I am proud of it is my Americanism. I was born within sight of the country's Capitol, and my ambition has always been to express in my music some of my own patriotic feeling I was coming back from Europe a couple of years ago, after having been away for several months

When the steamer got away from the dock, and I knew that I was once more on my way home, there was an almost indescribably joyous sensation in the combination of those two words: home—America I paced up and down the deck, thrilled with the idea, and quite unconsciously I found myself humming something that expressed the aggressive Americanism which I felt

I have put this feeling into the Stars and Stripes. I have tried to make it typical of the country, and typical of the feeling of one whose patriotism has been put to the test, for that is what going to Europe means

Sousa has done a pioneer's work touring the country with his band from one end to the other, penetrating into towns where high-class amusement is almost unknown, and giving concerts that, while popular and attractive, are also, in a disguised form, educational Playing the works of the great masters of music, Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven, in an attractive way, is sowing the seeds of a higher standard of musical taste

Sousa's own love for the great musicians is shown in this incident which he relates

"I yield to none in my admiration for Wagner's genius, and I further think that I hold the record in financial appreciation of his works," he said, in telling of the incident. "Six years ago, while I was traveling in Europe, I had the pleasure of paying at the rate of one dollar a minute for the privilege of listening to Tannhauser, and I feel confident that not even the most rabid Wagnerite could do more

Before sailing for Europe I had confidently promised myself the pleasure of attending at least one performance at Bayreuth, but, owing to some change in my plans, I did not reach Nuremberg until just before the final performance. From this quaint town I telegraphed to a New York musician who was playing 'cello in the Bayreuth orchestra, to secure seats for me. Not hearing from him the next morning, I did not deem it advisable to take my wife, the possibility of not being able to secure her a seat staring me in the face; but I went alone.

"Arriving at Bayreuth, I walked up the hill to the theatre only to find that my friend had been unable to purchase a seat for me. Here I found many Americans I knew, but their commiseration for my disappointment was all the solace they could offer

When the first notes of the overture of Tannhauser sounded, I retired to the near-by frame structure where [illegible] beer and sausages are dispensed

After the first act my American friends all came out to tell me how great the performance was. They meant well, no doubt, but I could not appreciate their kindness, and refused to be comforted. Among those present was a German American from somewhere out West, who, seeing my really great disappointment, finally offered me the temporary loan of his ticket on the condition that I should remain for only one number. I accepted with thanks, of course, for a crumb of Wagner at Bayreuth is better than [illegible] Wagner bread at all. Just as the heralds appeared before the theatre to sound the announcement of the second act, my new found angel apparently repented of his rashness in trusting his precious ticket to a stranger, and, in order to sustain no financial loss through any possible neglect on my part to return, he hurriedly said

"'That will cost you five dollars, Mr. Sousa.'

[illegible] out a murmur I handed over the amount in German currency and hastened to my seat. I took several good looks around the theatre, listened to one number of Tannhauser, and then, summoning an usher I pretended to be suddenly ill and left the theatre

My new friend appeared vastly relieved when I came back to him and returned his ticket A glance at my watch showed that I had spent five minutes in the Bayreuth theatre, and a dollar a minute, even for Wagner, is certainly a pretty good price to pay for opera."

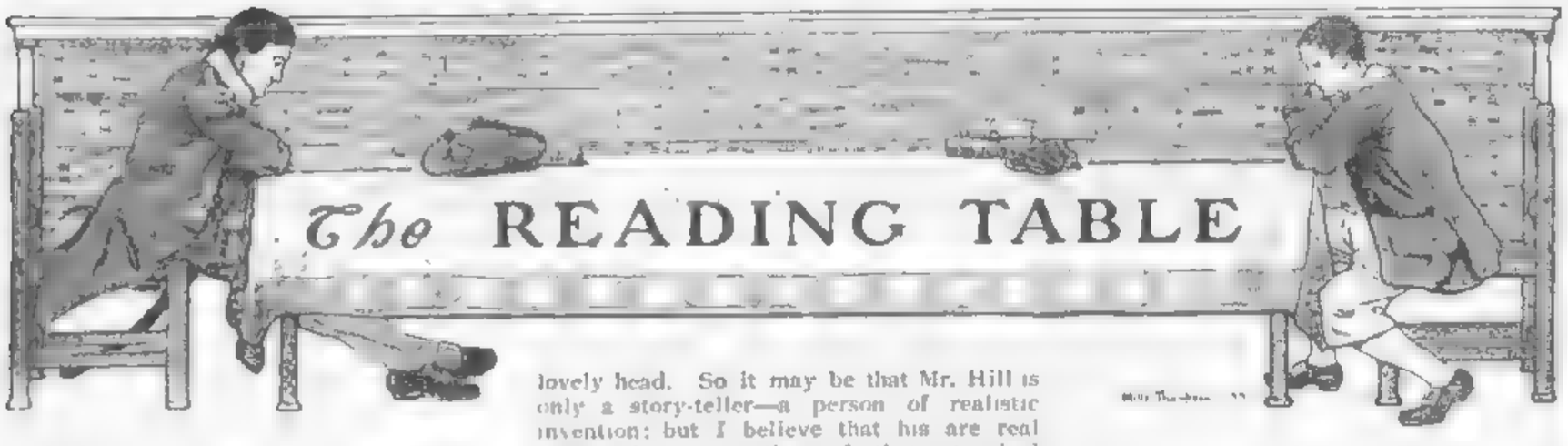
Shortly after General Miles returned from his tour through Europe he met Sousa in Washington, and, after shaking hands very cordially with him, said

"Sousa, I'm proud of you."

"Why, General?" asked the bandmaster

"I heard your marches played all over Europe, and it didn't strike me as out of the ordinary; but when I heard the Washington Post in Constantinople, played by the Imperial Band before the Sultan, I realized that the American musician was coming out on top "

Sousa was born in Washington in 1859, when his father was trombone player in the very band that the son afterward was master of. As a child he showed remarkable quickness in mastering elementary music, and when eleven years old he was making his own living as a violin player



The READING TABLE

Stories of Time and Space*

MR. H. G. WELLS, an English writer of recent but increasing note, has just published a number of stories under this general title which is much more specific and descriptive than general titles usually are. The scheme Mr. Wells endeavors to carry out is at once promising and difficult, for he embodies in romance his ideas of what has been, what is, and what will be.

The past to which his stories relate is not the past of history, unless we grant that the purely physical history read by the geologists in the stones, the animal remains and the strata of the earth be such, as he goes for his characters to the Stone Age, and he makes his men and his maidens to seek and to be sought, to love and to sorrow much as they did in that later time when burning Sappho loved and sang, and as they do now, when we can be married by telephone if we choose and preserve the record on the cylinder of a phonograph. But the passions then were expressed in cruder form, for the burden of the tale is that force was dominant and physical strength prevented man from succumbing to the perils by which he was surrounded.

In the story of to-day Mr. Wells does not concern himself with those things which we see about us all the time, but rather with the mysteries that bother us and our efforts to penetrate the veil which hides the unseen and the little understood from ordinary vision. When he tells of what may be, he goes two hundred years ahead, when our great great great grandchildren will be figuring on the stage. The pictures he makes do not seem attractive to prosaic and commonplace eyes, nor do they seem overdrawn or extravagant.

The fact of the business is that Mr. Wells has a rather ponderous imagination, and his furthest flights forward never take him very far from the earth as it smiles on us to-day. It is his idea, I fancy, to show that though we have made revolutionary progress in our methods of living, we will so soon be out of fashion as to be looked upon by a not very far off posterity as savages who reioted in murder—as clumsy brutes who were not very far removed from the prehistoric wanderers of the Stone Age. He would take the conceit out of us, and, as some of us need sadly that this should be done, Mr. Wells' efforts are entirely praiseworthy.

Romances of Business Life†

TALES of the Telegraph, by Captain J. E. Brady, Jr., and Stories of the Railroad, by John A. Hill, are companion volumes in nearly every sense. When I say that both are to a great extent autobiographical I am making only a guess and forming an opinion from internal evidence. Such evidence is not always trustworthy, and it is within the possibilities that these stories may all of them be pure fiction. It is much easier to fancy this of the railroad than of the telegraph stories. The railroad man who tells what has happened to him seems to me too invariably to have got into scrapes. A scrape in the shape of an accident was always waiting just around the curve for him. This may be quite true to life, for some men are monstrously unlucky, and the good things that happen to them are so few that they [illegible] was not the case with our railroad man. He was a cheerful and a gallant chap, and he took the good and the bad with a cheerfulness which might have put Mark Tapley to the blush. Then in his stories the "eternal feminine" is always being pulled in by the beautiful hair of her lovely head. So it may be that Mr. Hill is only a story-teller—a person of realistic invention; but I believe that his are real stories—his own or those of others—touched up a bit by a man more industrious than skillful in literary art.

Captain Brady's stories are his own. They must be. And they are all the more valuable for that—not valuable as examples of literary art, but because they engage and hold the interest. We believe in them, and we believe in him. When he has finished his yarns we feel like saying: "Good luck to you, sir! And when some other things have happened to you we hope you will have the goodness to tell us all about them."

These two American books are very helpful in their tendency. They give us most realistic pictures of phases of life with which few of us have any close acquaintance. And these pictures are portraits of real men; men who can be relied upon in time of emergency to do their duty toward their country and toward humanity. It is in the class to which they belong that we find the greatest security for the permanence of the liberty which we cherish as our dearest heritage. Nor do they always have to wait for the trying emergencies to be heroes; they are that all the time in being so true to prosaic duty that the doing of the right becomes second nature.

One other thing. These books, as tales, are as interesting as any of the blood-and-thunder Indian stories which boys pored over when I was a youth. But in influence how immeasurably superior! The dime novel was all bad; these are all good. Truly this is a time for hopefulness, and the optimist need not seek cover. —*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

The Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag‡

"THESE are the best days of my life. These are my golden days." The phrase recurs as a *leitmotif* in Ernest Seton Thompson's Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag. Mr. Thompson, who is artist, writer, naturalist and, in the best moments, poet, describes in this book his experiences on the great Canadian plains. His descriptions are unaffected, yet graphic—as when he says: "It was bewildering to see the wonderful effortless way in which, by a tiny toe-touch, they would rise six or eight feet in air"; for this elasticity and buoyancy is what makes the strongest impress on you when you scare up a deer in the wood. "Higher and higher they rose each time; gracefully their bodies swayed, or for a long space the buff white scutcheon that they bore behind them seemed hanging in the air while these wingless birds were really sailing over some deep gully." When the hunter found the tracks of these escaping animals he was astonished to see that the footmarks were fifteen feet apart; then eighteen, twenty, thirty feet. "Gods above! they do not run at all; they fly, and once in a while come down again to tap the hilltops with their dainty hoofs."

With the old blood thirst of the Stone Age smarting in him, the hunter follows over the hills of sand and snow, young, strong, sharing, joying in the life he hopes to take, starting the hare and partridge, watching for the "telltale inscript in the snow, the oldest of all writing." To little use. His stag, looking on men as the most savage of his enemies, will not stay to be shot, and the season passes in a train of "bright, unsad failures." Though he returns, or camps at night empty-handed, he is putting iron into his legs, a hound's wind into his lungs, knowledge into his head. "He could run all day and come home fresh, and always when alone he felt with [illegible] of wild exhilaration that his joy was full."

Once, on a moonlight night, he hears the wolves and mimics their cry. He finds after a little that they, too, are hunting for him. He sits in the glittering snow and waits as they circle and sneak and watch from the shadows, but not one of them advances, and after twenty minutes they have disappeared, and he tramps on. Then he knows how a deer feels when the grind of a moccasined foot is heard behind him. And so he becomes a child of Nature, an Indian, a Thoreau with a gun, knowing how the muskrat lives, why the mink slides down a hill, what the ice says when it screams at night, and what toadstools it is safe to eat.

At last, after months of chase, he runs down and ambushes his stag, and at only fifteen feet aims into the sad, patient wondering eye—aims, arises, and throws down his gun. The stag has sought him for safety. He will not betray his brother. The moral crescendo in this picturesque and fascinating narrative culminates in this discovery and renunciation. The beast in the hunter is beaten; the liberated soul becomes the soul of a Man. May this gentle tribe increase and put to shame those blood-spillers of whose coarse vauntings we have had too much. —*Charles M. Skinner.*

Some Old-Fashioned Biographies‖

PHILLIPS BROOKS used to say that the most satisfactory way of studying history was to read good biographies of eminent men. A great, and perhaps the greatest, objection to this mode of study is the fact that in most cases the biographies of important personages are presented so elaborately, and are so imposing from their very bulk, that the busy reader, who must use his hours to the best advantage, feels that he cannot devote the time required for their thorough perusal. Early in the century, before the newspaper and the magazine had become cardinal factors in the world of printed matter, the biographies of famous men were immensely popular, and they were issued by the score in readable and convenient form. It is a revival of these old-fashioned lives that one finds in the Beacon Biographies, a series of tasteful little volumes of pocket size which give within the compass of 130 pages all the information about great Americans that the average reader cares to retain in mind.

In these days of wonderful sea-fights, when the United States Navy and her long line of hardy heroes are claiming an attention so general and widespread, Mr. James Barnes' Life of Admiral Farragut comes with special timeliness. The exploits of this great sea-fighter read like the most fascinating chapters of Captain Marryat. Robert E. Lee, the master mind of the Confederacy, whose genius for warfare by land was no less than Farragut's ability to win on the sea, is the subject of a careful and sympathetic biography from the pen of W. P. Trent. Norman Hapgood writes with singular impartiality of Daniel Webster, tracing his powerful, rapid development from his election to Congress in his early manhood to those grayer days when he sacrificed to his political ambitions the beliefs he had so hardily advanced and so steadfastly maintained. By a curious coincidence, the life of James Russell Lowell is from the pen of Edward Everett Hale, Jr., whose distinguished father, Doctor Hale, is the author of James Russell Lowell and His Friends.

Mr. Howe, editor of the series, is the author of the volume on Phillips Brooks, which is noteworthy from the fact that it is the first biography of Bishop Brooks to be published since his death.—*F. S. Bigelow.*

---

*Stories of Time and Space. By H. G. Wells.

†Tales of the Telegraph. By Captain J. E. Brady, Jr.
Stories of the Railroad. By John A. Hill. *The Doubleday & McClure*

‡The Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag. By Ernest Seton Thompson. *Charles Scribner's Sons*

‖The Beacon Biographies. M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Editor.
Phillips Brooks. By the Editor.
Admiral Farragut. By James Barnes.
Robert E. Lee. By W. P. Trent.
Daniel Webster. By Norman Hapgood.
James Russell Lowell. By E. E. Hale, Jr. *Small, Maynard & Co.*

The Saturday Evening Post

FOR NEXT WEEK

Will number among its contributors some of the most eminent writers of the day. Among them.

Maarten Maartens

The eminent Dutch story-teller, tells the captivating and quaintly humorous tale of Our Cousin Sonia. This is a complete story—one of a series entitled

Some Women I Have Known

Ian Maclaren

The historian of Muirtown Seminary writes very charmingly of his old schoolmaster, Bulldog, as seen by Sprug, In His Private Capacity. This is the next to the last of the stories of

A Scots Grammar School

Elizabeth Stoddard

The wife of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, gives a very entertaining picture of New York City and its social life, as she saw it in the early Fifties.

A New England Girl in Old New York

Hamlin Garland

Who has just written for the POST some fascinating stories of Boy Life on the Prairies, tells a strong tale of the plains that will interest young and old alike. It is entitled:

An Exciting Day at the Circus

The Post's List of Contributors

Is being strengthened from week to week. Among the writers whose work will appear in early numbers of the POST are

Rudyard Kipling
Thomas B. Reed
Edwin Markham
Robert W. Chambers

$18,000 in Cash

For THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Workers

In every town in the country we want an active worker for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—some one to take new subscriptions and look after renewals. Upon every subscription secured a large commission will be paid, and the larger the number sent the higher will be the rate paid on each one. **IN ADDITION** to this, we shall divide Eighteen Thousand Dollars among the 764 persons sending us the largest lists. Any young man or woman in a small town can, with a little effort in leisure hours, earn a sum of money which will liberally repay the time or effort involved, and the prize offer is so arranged that with [illegible] small, but stated, amount [illegible], the agent is definitely assured of receiving a part of the money offered. Send a line addressed to the Circulation Bureau, and full details will be sent.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

POLO Plays *and* PLAYERS

By J. J. McNamara

IT LOOKS simple enough to see a man mounted on a handy pony driving a polo ball straight down the field over the smooth, level greensward, or sending it skipping in the other direction with a neat backhander; but it takes long and diligent practice to acquire perfection, even in the rudiments of the game. Then come the more difficult strokes, and it is only after years of schooling that the star polo player is developed. In every line of sport there are certain players who have a way of attaining results in a manner peculiar to themselves. This is particularly true of polo, and the followers of the sport in discussing the game always delight to tell of some famous stroke made by a famous player, or how another equally prominent man snapped the ball away from an opponent at a critical point.

During the past season some remarkable plays have been made on the polo field at the different tournaments, and some very peculiar accidents have also occurred. Perhaps the most remarkable goal of the season was the one made by Foxhall Keene, of Westchester, in the match with Myopia, at Hamilton, Massachusetts.

FOXHALL KEENE'S SENSATIONAL PLAYS

The ball was almost on the line and about seventy-five feet from the goal. With the sphere in this difficult position, no one for a moment dreamed that Keene could score. But he did, with a truly marvelous shot. It was an extremely hard angle, but Keene, who is always doing phenomenal things with his mallet, caught the ball with a near-side backhand stroke under his pony's tail. The ball rolled speedily toward the posts, and every time it struck a piece of upturned turf it caromed toward the goal. In its progress it described a considerable curve, and finally landed squarely between the posts.

Keene is quick-witted and can solve a play like a flash. He is a remarkably fine horseman and can throw his pony around sharply while galloping at speed. He has a great eye for the ball, and a trick he performed at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, one afternoon prior to a match, is another evidence of his skill. Mr. Keene was out warming up with his pony as was his custom, and while he was tapping the ball along on the near side, one half of his mallet-head broke off. Mr. Keene continued taking the ball along with but half of his mallet-head left, and even after the

A CRITICAL MOMENT, WITH BALL LYING DANGEROUSLY NEAR GOAL

head was gone he kept the ball moving with the butt end of his stick.

Another player who always gives the spectators something worth seeing when he is in the game is R. G. Shaw, 2d, of Myopia. On the polo field he seems to bear a charmed life, for he has had more bad-looking falls than any other player in the Association, but, being light of build and an expert horseman, he knows how to get clear of his pony in case of a fall. Mr. Shaw invariably slips his feet out of the stirrups and rolls clear of his mount the moment he feels the pony sinking under him. He is a natural born polo player. When not erratic his direction is superb and his angle shots are marvelous. Taking the ball from a knock-in and popping it through goal is one of Shaw's star plays. He is all life and animation on the polo field, and is always on the gallop. He plays a great game of polo on ponies that few other men could ride at all, and he is always able to hit the ball accurately while galloping as fast as his pony can go.

FORBES' FEAT AT NARRAGANSETT PIER

At Narragansett Pier, during the August tournament of the Point Judith Country Club, Allan Forbes, of Dedham, performed a feat rarely equaled on the polo field. It was in the semi-final contest for the Narragansett cups, and the opposing teams were Dedham and Myopia. The play was well into Dedham's territory and along the boards, when all of a sudden there came one of those quick changes, as Forbes had secured the ball, and in a jiffy slipped by the Myopia back. Mr. Forbes was obliged to carry the ball along on the near side of his pony, and the Myopia back, F. B. Fay, instead of pinching his man on the boards, galloped alongside of him waiting for a miss. Both

SEWARD CARY—THE NUMBER "ONE" ON THE BUFFALO TEAM

players were going as fast as their ponies could carry them, and, going at such a high rate of speed, Forbes never lost control of the ball, while Fay was at his saddle-girth all the time. It was a pretty run, and the polo enthusiasts on the side-lines applauded every stroke made by Forbes, but no one thought for a moment that he would be able to make a goal from such an extremely difficult position. Even the most enthusiastic Dedham supporter thought that Forbes had gone too far along the boards to get the ball out into the middle for a score. Just as some one remarked, "He cannot make a goal from that position," Forbes made a beautiful near-side cut stroke under his pony's neck, making a splendid approach shot. He still had a hard angle to shoot from, but without slackening his pace he came up to the ball and with a clean drive sent it home.

HOLMES' NARROW ESCAPE AT DEDHAM

A rather peculiar accident happened at Hamilton in the game between Point Judith and the Dedham second team. It was all the more remarkable because, on account of its complicated nature, neither of the players nor ponies that were mixed up in it received a scratch. Reynal, the number one on the Point Judith team, was riding off Williams, the Myopia back. They had been bumping one another, and finally Williams' pony stumbled and went down. Williams fell on his right shoulder, and one leg was caught under the pony. Reynal could not pull up in time, and his pony fell sidewise on top of Williams' pony, and for an instant there were two tiers of ponies and players on the turf. It is a mystery how they ever got out without being hurt, or even bruised.

The remarkable escape of Holmes, of Myopia, at Dedham early in the spring is also worth recalling. His goal being in danger, Mr. Holmes darted in front of the flags, and with a hard drive he sent the ball to the side of the field where the carriages were lined up. When he came up for his second stroke he was traveling at a racing clip, and the ball was lying quite close to the boards. Holmes made a swing for the ball as he reached the boards, and drove it up the field, but the moment the play was accomplished he found himself going full tilt into a carriage in which a party of ladies and gentlemen were seated.

Mr. Holmes, who is a powerful young man, sawed on his pony's mouth, trying vainly to swerve him to one side in order to avoid a collision. The pony struck the hind wheel of the carriage, and the force of the shock sent Holmes high in the air and clean over the people in the carriage. While in the air Holmes took a complete somersault and landed flat on his back on the other side of the carriage. Strange to relate, no one was injured in the least.

HOW JOHN COWDIN HYPNOTIZES THE BALL

Space forbids going into the individual characteristics of all of the great players in the Polo Association, but for brilliant, all-round work John E. Cowdin, of Rockaway, has no peer. He can dribble the ball to perfection, and it makes no difference to him on which side of his pony the ball lies. He makes almost impossible shots with the ball in front of his own pony and his adversary's pony's neck, while his opponent is trying to ride him off. At times Cowdin appears to have the ball hypnotized, so perfect is his control over it.

When he has Foxhall Keene for a partner Mr. Cowdin always gives him the right of way, and materially assists in Keene's great work on the polo field. Cowdin is always a team man, and it is rarely that he goes out for individual honors. His horsemanship is well-nigh perfect; he rides without spurs, and with his small, clever ponies he can stop and start quicker than any other player in the Association. There is one play of his which is sensational to a degree, and that is his long run down the field, taking the ball to one side of goal and then making a pretty drive in to the flags from a sharp angle. This play is all right for Cowdin, but it would be all wrong for any other man. It is one of those things that he alone has perfected, and many instances could be cited in which he has made a winning goal by this daring play. Cowdin's favorite chestnut pony, Jay Gould, is a remarkably intelligent little animal. This pony will ride off of its own accord, and will bump into an opponent and push him off the ball without the least bit of urging on the part of its rider.

SOME BRILLIANT PLAYS BY C. C. BALDWIN

When C. C. Baldwin, of Meadowbrook, has his day he is undoubtedly the most

PULLING UP AFTER A GOAL HAS BEEN MADE

brilliant player in the country. He is a clever and powerful all-round hitter. His near-side play, with interference to contend against, is one of the prettiest plays seen on a polo field, and in this connection his celebrated ride with R. G. Shaw, of Myopia, at Narragansett Pier a couple of years ago, is worth relating.

On that occasion both men had a merry ride along the boards for the length of the field, with Baldwin carrying the ball on the near side, between his pony and the rail, while Shaw was continually bumping him on the off side. Both men were going at a breakneck pace, but Baldwin never lost control of the ball until he had made a most sensational run. In the excitement of this brilliant ride the other players forgot that they were in the game, and the thousands of spectators went into paroxysms of enthusiasm over the battle between them.

Consult
CHEIRO
By Reading His Books

Mr. F. TENNYSON NEELY has published FOUR BOOKS by
CHEIRO

LANGUAGE OF THE HAND
Tenth Edition, Enlarged, $2.50
Fifty-Five Full-Page Illustrations and over Two Hundred Engravings of Lines, Mounts and Marks. Drawings of the Seven Types by Theo. Dore. Full-Page Reproductions of Famous Hands, also Normal and Abnormal Hands, taken from life.

CHEIRO'S POEMS
Cloth, gilt top, 50 cents
Abounds in passion, emotion, regretfulness, and all expressed in language that carries one along interestingly.

CHEIRO'S GUIDE TO THE HAND
Cloth, $1.00
The best work on Palmistry at a low price. Fully Illustrated.

THE HAND OF FATE
Cloth, $1.00. A Novel by Cheiro
A strange psychological story, chiefly dealing with heredity laws and parental influences.
Sold Everywhere, or Mailed on Receipt of Price

Manuscripts Promptly Examined
Catalogue Free

F. TENNYSON NEELY, Publisher
114 5th Ave. NEW YORK | 96 Queen St. LONDON | 259 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO

A Shoulder Brace
That really straightens you up—that's guaranteed to do it—is the
Gamble Shoulder Brace
It straightens and strengthens, and it's comfortable. For men and women and little folks.
All sizes—postpaid— $1.50
Special Brace—extra strong—$2.00
NOTE—Send names of two dry goods or furnishing dealers who have not the Gamble Brace, and one will be sent you, prepaid, for $1.25. Your money back if you are not satisfied.
Send snug chest measure over vest. Sent C. O. D., prepaid, for examination, if you prefer.
GAMBLE SHOULDER BRACE CO.
Send for Booklet. Dept. A, Chicago

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

Kodaks

Make photography simple, easy.
$5.00 to $35.00
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Catalogue free at the dealers' or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.

During the Year 1900
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Will Issue 8-Page
Photographic Supplements
They will contain:
Articles of Interest to Amateurs, written by leading authorities on Photographic matters.
CRITICISMS OF PRINTS SUBMITTED
HELPFUL HINTS FOR AMATEURS
QUERIES AND ANSWERS
SPECIAL OFFERS AND PRIZE COMPETITIONS

The Lloyd Muffler
Cotton, 25 cts.; Worsted, 50 cts.
Made in colors—White, Blue, Black and Garnet. A perfect protection for the throat and chest against the wind and cold. For Ladies or Gentlemen. Easily put on and taken off; fastens in back with clasp. Ask your dealer for them or mail us price—we will send on approval.
WM. S. LLOYD
510 Cherry Street, - Philadelphia

MARRIAGE
Invitations
Announcements
At Home and Church Cards
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention
DEMPSEY & CARROLL
26 West 23d Street, NEW YORK

The guiding star of candy lovers is the famous name of Whitman. The excellence of

WHITMAN'S

Chocolates and Confections

has made them famous everywhere. Ask the dealer.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate

is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

195,344,585 Lbs. of Lard Manufactured in 1908

Swift's

Premium Hams
Premium Bacon
Silver Leaf Lard
Beef Extract
Jersey Butterine
Cotosuet

The finest of fine foods, inspected and approved by the United States Government. For sale in every city.

Swift and Company

Chicago Kansas City Omaha
St. Louis St. Joseph St. Paul
105 A

CARPETS FROM THE MILL

What do you think of an exquisite book, showing Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares, Portières and Lace Curtains in their real colors, so that by looking at the colored plates you can tell exactly how the goods would look on your floor or at your windows? We issue such a book, which costs us 25c. to print and mail, but we send it free to any one. We sew Carpets free, prepay freight and furnish welted linings without charge.

Why pay big retail prices when you can buy from the Mill? Address this way:

JULIUS HINES & SON
BALTIMORE, MD. Dept. 438

Why Not Make $50 Per Week?

Salesmen are making $50 to $75 a week with our beautiful new panoramic albums, "**Fighting in the Philippines**" and "**Our New Possessions**"—YOU can easily do so. Each album contains 160 magnificent, large photographic reproductions of stirring, pathetic and humorous scenes of camp and battle-field, portraits of prominent war heroes, native pictures, noted points of interest, scenery, etc. Thomas M. Anderson, Brigadier-General, U. S. A., says: "The engravings are both faithful and picturesque." Heavy, ivory-finish paper; handsome covers; exquisite works of art. One man sold 150 first day—EVERYBODY buys it; GENEROUS COMMISSION. One complete album (paper cover), 12 cents; both albums, 20 cents; cloth binding, 35 cents each; both, 60 cents. Order NOW; don't waste time in correspondence; money refunded if not absolutely satisfactory. Catalogue free. Manuscripts promptly examined.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, Publisher
259 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 114 Fifth Ave., New York

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ART?

If so, send your name and address on a card to
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS
(AMERICAN BRANCH)
Box 1158, Philadelphia, Pa.
and they will send you, free, a description of the beautiful art works they issue.

YOUNG BLOOD—Charles Dana Gibson

By PERRITON MAXWELL

THIS is a pen photograph of Charles Dana Gibson, than whom no American illustrator is more widely known, none more frequently discussed. As for the man, considered apart from his work, he is the same as other men who are clean-shaven, tall, well-dressed and modest.

Modesty is Gibson's greatest personal virtue. With him it borders closely upon a frailty. His absolute lack of egotism is not a pose, and in talking with him you feel that underneath his unaffected bearing there is strength of character and the kind of dogged determination that carries men onward to success. Gibson is a plain-speaking young man, who delights in discussing a game of football. He is six feet tall, broad-shouldered and large-limbed.

During his Harvard days Gibson was looked upon as a young athlete who would some day make his mark in the world of sports. He was the all-round kind of athlete that college boys admire and emulate. His fellow-students predicted a brilliant future for him, but they cared little for the uncertain sketches, in the making of which he would occasionally squander precious hours that might have been spent on the cinder track, the diamond or the gridiron.

Gibson is, perhaps, the youngest famous man in the world to-day. He is thirty-two, and his name, if not "a household word," is at least as familiar in Europe as that of any modern American who has done things.

Of course, Gibson did not "arrive" in a day. His early drawings were very bad, indeed; this must be true, for the artist declares it himself. Yet he did not experience great hardships as a beginner. He never tramped the streets with scant attire and an empty stomach, waiting to be discovered.

Scores of his drawings were found "unavailable" by editors who bought big names and not conscientiously-made pictures. But the thing about which he complains most bitterly now is not that publishers failed to appreciate his work, but that they made him call so often and climb so many dark stairways to get back his rejected sketches.

DRAWN BY PERRITON MAXWELL

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Precisely at ten o'clock every morning, save Sunday, Mr. Gibson arrives at his studio in the Life Building, on Thirty-first Street, New York. If the day be fine the artist walks from his home at 23 Fifth Avenue. Up the stone steps at the entrance of the artistic five-story structure, at the top of which his studio is located, Mr. Gibson springs with the elastic step of a boy. He is fashionably but not ostentatiously attired.

Gibson's studio is not like the workshops of most other artists. It is very neat, with none of the heaped-up bric-à-brac and curios usually affected by the esthetic. Gibson despises "artistic disorder." The chairs in his studio are not stiffly, but regularly, set out. The floor is of polished oak, almost hidden under numerous rugs of rich Oriental patterns. Some exquisite tapestries adorn the walls, and here and there are sketches, more elaborate drawings and a painting or two, all signed with familiar names.

These are the gifts of friendship and appreciation from brother artists. The most unique picture in the collection that covers his walls is his own first published drawing in Life—a little dog barking disconsolately at the moon and labeled The Moon and I. The story of this picture is very interesting, as told by Mr. Gibson.

"I took in my absurd sketch to Mr. Mitchell, the editor of Life, and waited, not without some trepidation, while he scanned it," he says. "Presently Mr. Mitchell wrote out a check for four dollars, and handed it to me with the remark that he would like me to bring some more stuff just as good. I tried to conceal my joy, and tucked the check in my pocket without so much as glancing at it. I thought that was the kind of professional indifference all successful artists showed when checks were given to them. When I was well away from the place I took out the check and saw that it was more than was usually paid for little dog pictures with mechanically drawn moons in them.

"I calculated on my way home that if one small sketch sold at four dollars, more ambitious work would bring twice as much, and as the best things that I could do would command at least the price of the purchased drawing, there was a fortune ahead of me. I figured that I could make five sketches every day at four dollars apiece, which would net me twenty dollars a day, or one hundred and twenty dollars a week.

"At this rate I would make an annual income of more than six thousand dollars. That was a bright prospect for a beginner. Accordingly, I hurried home and made five hasty drawings before going to bed, and brought them over to Mr. Mitchell the next day. I waited for my check, but instead, I received all my drawings back, with the remark that I would better try again, and put more time and work into my sketches. The rebuke was a heavy blow then, but it saved me from myself and future bad work."

Gibson at work is an interesting study. He gazes long and earnestly at the fashionably clothed model before him. His hand sweeps carelessly back and forth over the white glazed surface of the Bristol board in front of him. The picture grows under his deft touch, seemingly without the contact of his pen and the paper. The artist becomes wholly absorbed in his task. If you shot off a pistol beside him it is doubtful if he would hear the explosion. He works like the driving-wheels of a locomotive. His pen lights upon one spot for a second and a hand or a foot is indicated; the next moment the long sweep of the débutante's train is taking shape or the characteristic countenance of Mr. Pipp is beginning to grin from the far corner of the cardboard.

But Gibson is never satisfied with his work. Frequently he labors over a drawing with all the fervor of a Mohammedan praying at the tomb of his prophet, and when the thing is done he ruthlessly tears it into shreds and begins afresh. Gibson is his own harshest critic, and that means much for a man whose veriest scrawl has a market value above many masterpieces of illustration.

As his drawings show, he employs a coarse pen, often a quill, except when he undertakes to finish out the softer shadings of a face or a hand, when he resorts to some one of the fine-pointed pens generally used by draughtsmen. Gibson prefers the pen for many reasons. "It keeps an artist right up to the mark," he says. "One cannot fool himself when he works with pen and ink, for it is definite, exacting, and admits of no accidental effects. Every stroke is significant. The pen is the more personal medium; it gives one a feeling of greater intimacy with the subject."

Born in Boston, reared on Long Island, an artist at ten, and a man of fame at twenty, Charles Dana Gibson is a fine type of young American manhood, and a draughtsman whose genius ranks him among illustrators as Kipling ranks among writers. His methods are just as forceful, just as personal. His work grows stronger with the lapse of days; he knows of no mediocrity. He is all that we ask him to be; he is Gibson.

The "ONEITA"

(Patented April 26, 1904)

Elastic Ribbed Union Suits

Are complete undergarments, covering the entire body. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove.

No Buttons Down the Front

Made especially for Women and Misses. Convenient to put on, being entered at top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses, or wear comfortably so small a corset.

Send for Illustrated Booklet B

Oneita Knitting Mills. OFFICE: No. 1 Greene St., New York

A BOOK FOR THE PERIOD

Nineteen Hundred Years; Or, The Power of Christ

BY WINFIELD W. THIESING, LL. B., C. S.

A vivid story of "THE CROSS AND CROWN." Size: 5½ x 8 inches, Cloth Bound, 611 pp. Price, per copy, postage paid, $2.15. Half dozen copies, prepaid, $11.00. One dozen copies, prepaid, $21.00.

BIBLICAL READING CHARTS for the Wall:

Golden Truths: Gleaned from the Scriptures, For Daily Use. Size: 17 x 22 inches, 24 sheets per set. Large type.

Price, per set, postage paid, $1.10. Half dozen sets, prepaid, $5.00. One dozen sets, prepaid, $9.00.

POCKET EDITION

GOLDEN TRUTHS: Gleaned from the Scriptures, No. 2, with Addenda From The Apocrypha, Old and New Testaments.

Size: 2 x 3 9-10 in. Leather Bound, 172 pp. Red edges, with Tuck. Price, per copy, postage paid, 50 cents. Half dozen copies, prepaid, $2.50. One dozen copies, prepaid, $4.75.

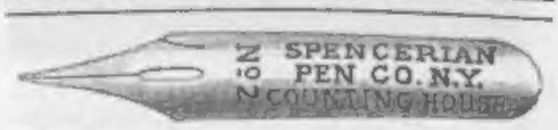
Circulars Sent on Application

WINFIELD W. THIESING, Publisher
No. 218 Willard Street, - Covington, Ky.

Swiftest, Strongest

Saves Most and Lasts Longest

Remington
Standard Typewriter



This pen is specially adapted for Accountants, Book-Keepers and Correspondents. It is made of the best English steel by the most experienced workmen.

FOR TRIAL will send a sample card—12 PENS, different patterns—for 6 cents in stamps.

Spencerian Pen Company
450 Broome Street, New York

9 LINEN DOILIES FOR 10 CENTS

We will send to any one nine handsome butter doilies, stamped on fine white linen. Also, our new 100-page catalogue of Fancy Work Novelties and Jewelry on receipt of 10 cents. Write for them.

C. S. DAVISSON & CO.
10 S. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 24

WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL

A Clear Explanation by Shrewd Business Men

HERBERT H. VREELAND, President of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which controls New York's chief system of rapid transit, has studied men, especially young men, in a way that few employers have. Mr. Vreeland began life as a gravel-train "hand" on the Long Island Railroad. He has worked his way upward from the humblest to the most exalted place a railroad has to offer. His analysis of the causes contributing to the failure of young men in the business world has an importance not to be underestimated. His view-point, or at least the manner in which it is expressed, is unique among the expressions of high railroad officialdom:

"What is most needed in the successful management of a street-railway system is high-priced men. One ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man is preferable to five two-thousand-dollar-a-year men."

MR. H. H. VREELAND'S FIVE ANSWERS

To the writer's query, "What have you observed as the chief defects of character in young men, which lead inevitably to failure?" Mr. Vreeland replied: "There are five contributing causes of failure, but before naming them let me make it clear that in answering these questions I am supposing the physically normal young man. Failure for physical reasons carries its cause on its face. As for the five conditions of failure, they may be roughly classified thus: First, laziness—and particularly mental laziness; second, lack of faith in the efficacy of work; third, reliance on the saving grace of luck; fourth, lack of courage, initiative and persistent; fifth, the belief that the young man's job affects his standing, instead of the young man affecting the standing of his job.

"Why do young men who start in life with good prospects and a fair education fail to fulfill the promise of their youth?

"There are not enough available data on the subject to answer that question intelligently. Scores of young men fail because of bad habits acquired or inherited. Others because of evil associations. You can start a fellow right, but some men will not stay on the track.

"In my opinion there is a place in the world in which every intelligent being may work. I think that a man who remains in a business for which he finds he has no capacity, and up or down to which he cannot develop himself, is not in any sense an intelligent person. It is true he may have responsibilities that force him to remain at the work for which he feels himself unfit; that is another argument that he is not an intelligent person, for he should have settled himself at the work for which he was fit, and that was remunerative enough to take care of his responsibilities (with reasonable allowance for human uncertainty), before he assumed restraining personal obligations.

INTEMPERANCE OF ANY SORT A HANDICAP

"'Brilliant failures?' I do not know what is meant by 'brilliant failures,' unless it be men who have started at the top and wound up at the bottom. I have never studied them; they are going the other way, and I find the strugglers more interesting. Of specific cases of pronounced, unjustifiable failure I recall a conspicuous instance. The man in this case was one of the hardest-working, most conscientious fellows I ever knew. He was forever at work on some detail that would have taken care of itself if he had attended to the main thing. He did not realize that it is not the amount of work we do that tells, but its intelligent direction.

"No intemperate man can succeed at anything. He may apparently keep his place in the line, and even seem to move ahead a little, but do not be deceived; he is not in the same class with a man of equal ability who is temperate. Conditions being equal, the temperate man will always pass him in the end. I do not wish to be understood, as one frequently is, as confining my remarks on this subject to overindulgence in alcoholic stimulants; there are other forms of intemperance just as deadly to success.

"As for honesty, my experience has been a happy one, and I think that the number of men who fail through dishonesty is very small when one considers the vast number of workers who have not only the opportunity but the temptation to be dishonest.

"To avoid failure I would advise a young man to live within his income, whatever that may be, and assume no responsibilities until he is competent to discharge them; to put his whole mind on what work he has before him, and waste no time in thinking about what the personal results will be. Work thus performed will establish and fix his value."

PRESIDENT JOHN A. McCALL'S ADVICE

John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, the oldest international concern of its kind in the world, believes that failure is a thing which is easy to avoid if one will but make it his duty to combat it as he would a deadly enemy. Mr. McCall's advice as to the methods of fighting this foe is simple but to the point. He says:

The truth about failure is not beyond the scrutiny of mortal ken; it lies so near us and seems so commonplace that we often stumble over it unwittingly while gazing at the stars.

At the funeral of a Failure the other day, the mourners whispered: "What was he worth?" and the answer was, "Not a cent." Perhaps that fact did not prove him wholly a Failure, but such was the judgment of the world. And there was one clothed in black who knelt beside the coffin and sobbed as though her heart would break, and three children who cried because the loving arms of a father would no longer embrace them—the husband and father who was a Failure. The highest ideal is not represented by the dollar-mark, and a man may have good qualities and still be a Failure in the eyes of the world. But why should any man fail utterly? Is it just to those he leaves behind? Is it honest or noble? Can a Failure ever be said to have done his duty?

The Failure is often a genial, lovable and improvident man. His very virtues are his faults. The young man who becomes a Failure to pursue his high ideals neglects his obligations. The Failure tilts at windmills and leaves to-morrow's dinner and next month's rent to to-morrow and next month. To avoid becoming a Failure let a young man provide for the future of those nearest and dearest to him if he does no more. There is more sorrow in being stigmatized as a Failure than in the simple fact itself.

MR. WALTER P. PHILLIPS' REASONS

Walter P. Phillips, the founder of the national newsgathering corporation known as the United Press, and the inventor of Phillips' telegraphic code, a typical, energetic American, who has put many young men in the newsgathering business, believes that the cause of failure everywhere lies in incompetence.

Nine-tenths of the young men who are struggling for a name and place in the world are unfitted for the callings they have picked out for themselves. Besides an unlimited supply of energy and whole-heartedness in the work before him, the successful man of the future must know his business from A to Z.

The next greatest drawback to success is idleness. Nothing worth while is accomplished without work, and plenty of it. Things do not happen without a cause, and behind every great life there are years of concentrated energy and tireless industry. Idleness will make any man a failure; intelligent work will land any man among the successful. It is all so simple and so trite that one hesitates to put the fact down in cold blood, and yet how few men recognize, or, recognizing, live up to the axiom, that labor conquers all things.

Idleness and the consciousness of incompetency should make any man ashamed of himself and drive him to do something that is worth the doing. It is within the grasp of every one to learn some one thing that will yield both pleasure and profit. Success comes only to those who seek it.

The young man who is really in earnest will not have to be advised how to succeed. He may learn much by studying the failures of others, however, and he will always find, after a survey of the great legion of the unsuccessful, that two causes have brought them to their present misery—idleness and incompetency.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers on Why Young Men Fail. The third installment will follow in an early number.

KOTEDSILK

UNDERGARMENTS

FOR

Men, Women and Children

KOTEDSILK

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A new knitted fabric coated on the inside with pure silk. Will not irritate the most delicate skin. Warm as wool. Light. Mothproof. Will not shrink. Any one can wash it. No one can spoil it.

Men's Shirts,	34-44,	$2.50	each	Ladies' Vests,	26-40,	$2.50	each
" Drawers,	28-44,	2.50	"	" Drawers,	26-40,	2.50	"
" Union Suits,	34-44,	5.00	"	" Union Suits,	26-40,	5.00	"
" Undervests,	34-44,	2.00	"	" Underwaists,	26-40,	2.00	"

Ladies' Short Underskirts, . . 24-32 waist, . . $2.50

If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Express Prepaid

KOTEDSILK UNDERWEAR CO.

Millbury, Mass.

and 76 Leonard Street, New York City

Neely's Wonderful Picturesque Panoramas of Cuba Porto Rico and the Dewey (The Philippines) Islands

This wonderful collection of full-page half-tone engravings should be in every household in America. These beautiful pictures, which entrance, thrill, and make the red blood of the American leap faster in his veins, are a never-failing source of entertainment to your friends, a constant series of surprises to yourself, and make a dull evening at home impossible.

They fairly teem with the vigor of virility and life; you see the puff of smoke from the cannon's mouth and fairly see the round house crumble; you see the soldier aim his gun and fairly see the skulking Spaniard fall; you see the shell hurtling through space and involuntarily draw back to escape the devastating bursting.

Here is realism such as art never produced before; here is the mirror held up to Nature and grim-visaged war glowering back. Here you may go into the homes of our new cousins, see them as they live, see them as they work; see what we have crumbled Spain in the dust of defeat to possess.

SEE THE SPANISH WAR WITH

DEWEY, SAMPSON, OTIS and WHEELER

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES, 160 full-page half-tone engravings from original photographs just received from Manila. Cloth 50c. Paper 25c.

GREATER AMERICA, 160 full-page half-tone engravings from original photographs. Cloth 50c. Paper 25c.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS, 128 full-page half-tone engravings from original photographs. Cloth 50c. Paper 25c.

THE LITTLE I SAW OF CUBA, by Burr McIntosh, 173 pages, profusely illustrated from photographs, many of which are the only ones in existence. Cloth 50c. Paper 25c.

NEELY'S PHOTOGRAPHS, views of Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 160 full-page illustrations from photographs. Cloth 50c. Paper 25c.

PROMINENT AMERICAN CITIES, 160 half-tone photos of views of Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and Cincinnati. Cloth 50c. Paper 25c.

PRESENT SALES NEARLY 1,000,000 COPIES

Sent prepaid on receipt of price. AGENTS WANTED in every city and town. Big money quick.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, Publisher

96 Queen Street, LONDON 259 Wabash Avenue, Chicago 114 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

The new wafer is just right (just crisp enough, just sweet enough, just *gingery* enough) and the sealed, air-tight package keeps it just right until eaten. Ordinary ginger cakes and cookies, sold in the usual way, get moist and soggy in damp weather and hard and tough in dry weather.

Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer

keeps fresh and deliciously crisp and tender. Its high quality is assured by the fact that it comes from the ovens which bake

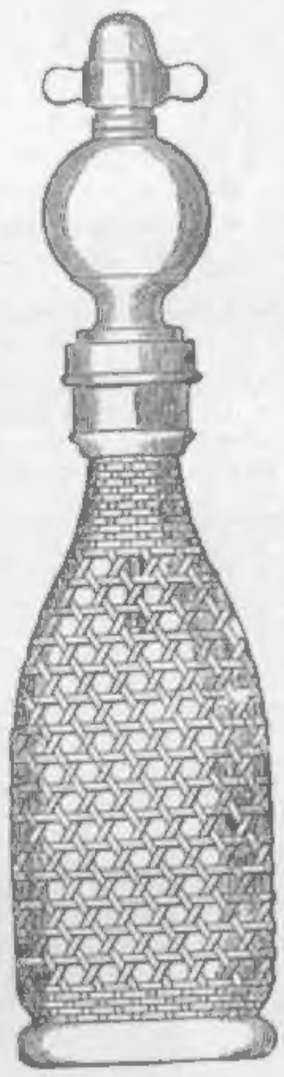
Uneeda Biscuit

Made by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY, which owns the registered trade-mark, **Uneeda**

Sparklets

TRADE MARK

ALL DRINKS MADE SPARKLING



WATER, MILK, STILL WINE, ETC.
given life and snap in two minutes.

THE SMALL STEEL CAPSULES
are filled with liquid carbonic-acid gas.

ENOUGH SPARKLETS FOR TWENTY FIZZY DRINKS
can be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

EASY *enough for a child to use.*

GOOD *enough for an epicure to enjoy.*

THE MECHANISM
for charging liquids is in the stopper.

TABLETS AND SYRUPS
for making fruit drinks and various mineral waters also supplied.

Bottles, $1.50 up.
Sparklets, box of ten, 25c.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE COMPRESSED GAS CAPSULE COMPANY
Broadway and 25th St., New York City

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

With Reproductions from

Famous Paintings

In Platinum, Mounted Ready for Framing. They are the Famous Beacon Hill Prints, 8 x 10 on 11 x 14 mounts.

50c. each

CELEBRITY PHOTO AND ART CO.
Studio 14, 3 Park Street
BOSTON

It contains all the elements necessary for nourishment of Muscle, Bone and Brain. Most easy of digestion, most pleasant to the taste, of all Breakfast Foods. Children thrive on

WHEATLET

It does not irritate the most delicate stomach.

Tell your grocer that it is Wheatlet you want. Send your name and address for booklet.

THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO., Lockport, N. Y.

The Singer Automatic

This table, devised especially for the Singer Automatic, is the latest result of the cabinet-maker's art, and is the acme of perfection in convenience, simple ingenuity in arrangement and thoroughness of workmanship. In regular course it is supplied either in oak or walnut, but can be made to order in any kind of wood desired, finished to match the most ornate furnishings. The machine is hinged, so that it can be folded down below the table against a bent-wood shield that fully protects the dress of the operator and the floor from all droppings of oil, lint, etc. By this device the machine is thoroughly protected from dust, and the stand forms an ornamental and useful table that is fitting and appropriate to any home. The hinged extension leaf covering the machine when down is folded back when it is raised, thus making a table-top measuring 40 inches in length by 16 inches in width, affording ample room for work.

Sold on Instalments. You can try one FREE. Old Machines taken in Exchange

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in Every City in the World

THE AUDICLARE
FOR THE
DEAF
Those who are very hard of hearing, and have become discouraged, should certainly try this patented instrument. Buy from your Surgical Dealer, or, if not in stock, from us direct. Price $8.00. Send for pamphlet.
G. P. Pilling & Son, Mfrs., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dunlop Detachable Tires

Can be had on any well-known bicycle. They cost the maker more, and the rider less.

THE REPAIR OUTFIT.

Get our Booklet of any Dealer, or of us.

• • •

THE AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY
Belleville, N. J.
Chicago, Ill.